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JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 231 | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1910. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—Byron.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

"The Traders' Railway Rates Association."

Birthdays of the Week.

Human Document.

John Bull League.

John Bull in the City.

John Bull's Post-cards, Letters, and Telegrams.

The Cartoon.

The Drama of To-day.

Bull's Eyes.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

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post free **1/- & 2/9** Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut. Golden, Light Golden.

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Vol. IX. No. 231. Saturday, November 5th, 1910. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., Advertising Dept., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

DALY'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Mr. George Edwardes' production, THE DOLLAR PRINCESS, a musical play. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. H. W. Anderson) 10 to 10.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
Every Evening, at 8, a Musical Play:
OUR MISS GIBBS. Box Office 10 till 10.

THE PLAYHOUSE, Charing Cross. CYRIL MAUDE.
Tuesday next, Nov 8. A SINGLE MAN.
A New Comedy by Hubert Henry Davies.
Mat., Weds., Sats., 2.30.

The John Bull League.

SHEFFIELD AND ROTHERHAM BRANCH.

A PUBLIC MEETING AND CONCERT

will be held in

MONTGOMERY HALL, SHEFFIELD,

TO-NIGHT (THURSDAY), NOVEMBER 3rd.

Doors open 7.30. Commence 8.

Chairman: DR. R. H. WILSON.

COUNCILLOR ROSS-CLYNE (Manchester) will deliver an Address.

ADMISSION FREE.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Last week we said that in this issue we would have a guess at the date of the General Election, and here goes—January. Nothing but an "enlarged Conference" can keep things going over the Coronation, and from what we know of the present spirit of the rank and file of all Parties, we are afraid they will not wait. They want to "see."

Of course there may be something in the way of an informal Coalition, but it won't work long. There are, just now, too many young bloods in the House spoiling for a fight.

Meanwhile, we look calmly on—whilst the Kilkenny cats are killing each other, and clearing the way for a National Business Government, with an Expert at the head of each department; a sane system of Registration and Election; Adult Suffrage; Local affairs delegated to Local Bodies—and an Imperial Parliament.

What about the Germans having been at the back of the recent French Railway strike?

Crippen.—Adjourned, pending appeal.

From the *Daily News*: "Great Liberal Victory—South Shields held by 3,019 majority—Stationary Tory vote." From the *Daily Express*: "Radical majority Reduced—1,217 votes lost in South Shields." That's the way the Party game is kept going. Just imagine two working men, each with his favourite (*i.e.*, his only) paper in his pocket, chuckling over those headlines and arguing the political situation!

A nice game is going on with Lieutenant Sutor. But he is on our staff—whatever happens. A perusal of the remarkable communications which we publish on another page will give an idea of the strength of this young officer's personality.

Mr. Asquith has developed a sense of humour. Some Aberdeen students seized his landau and reduced it to splinters. "Mr. Asquith, greatly amused at these antics, afterwards left in a motor-car." No doubt his merriment arose largely from the fact that he was not dependent upon the more antiquated conveyance.

It is remarkable how newspapers always slavishly endorse the verdict in a sensational case, even when the public is sharply divided.

If the Germans persevere in their Persian policy, there will be a big upset presently.

Reynolds's says: "With a reformed House of Lords, the difficulty of passing a Tariff Reform Bill would be great, whereas with the existing Chamber there would be no difficulty at all." But surely Tariffs would need no separate Bill. They could be worked by a few paragraphs in the Budget.

A daily newspaper is responsible for what it calls "one very good story" about Prince Francis of Teck. He was once jostled in the dark, missed his watch, pursued the jostler, and compelled him to disgorge, only to find when he returned home that his watch was by his bedside. We believe that a similar adventure happened to Noah when he emerged from the Ark.

And here is a reader telling us that Mr. Lloyd George's recent adventure with the adder recalls to him Southey and Coleridge's joint lines:—

From his brimstone bed at the break of day
The devil a-walking has gone
To visit his nice little farm the earth,
And see how his stock gets on.

Among his various adventures occurs one where his Satanic Majesty passes the house of a lawyer

Killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

What a good thing it is that we are not a party paper!

The officers of the Wolverhampton borough police-court seem to have been unnecessarily rough in their treatment of the parents of a girl, on an order that she should be handed over to the headmaster of the North Staffordshire Residential School for the Blind and Deaf. The girl hid behind her father and commenced to cry as the officers tried to separate them. "The mother was first of all pushed out of court." The father then backed into a corner, his daughter still clinging round his neck. "Finally," says the newspaper reporter, "his hold of the child was released, and he was pushed into the lobby, the girl screaming 'Daddy, Daddy, I want my father.' Her screams could be heard long after she had been taken down stairs." Nobody doubts that if this child was blind, as certified, it is better she should be in a school where her education can be conducted on specialist lines—better, because the education she receives there will render her largely self-supporting instead of being a burden upon others, helpless as well as sightless. Possibly if the Stipendiary had appealed to the parents' reason and their sense of duty to the child, this painful exhibition of force would not have been necessary. As it is, the reporter certainly gives the impression that it was overdone almost to the point of callous brutality.

The Secretary of Dawlish Cottage Hospital writes in reference to our recent remarks on the case of a tramp who was found ill by a policeman, who sent for a doctor and had the man removed to the police station, where he provided for him, out of his own pocket. The account was forwarded to the Guardians, who "were unable to refund the money paid." It was stated at the meeting of the Guardians that the man was taken to the Cottage Hospital and refused admission. The Secretary has proved to their satisfaction that the case was not taken there, and we gladly make this announcement.

"Speak nothing but good of the dead," says the familiar Latinist. Accordingly, we won't. The late Rev. John Barrett, of Cork, Roman Catholic priest, has left by his will £500 for the celebration of public masses for 500 years after his death. This strikes us as an excessive provision for eventualities; for we refuse to believe the reverend gentleman has done anything on earth to justify his fear that he will be kept so long in Purgatory.

And speaking of departed souls reminds us that Mrs. Sarah Hancock has died, leaving her residuary estate, estimated at £100,000, to be divided between various missionary societies—including that hoary-headed fraud "for promoting Christianity among the Jews." Of course Mrs. Hancock was entitled to do with her money as she liked, but what a lot could have been done at home with that £100,000!

One "Shatwell, Woodhouses, Ashton-under-Lyne," advertises in a Manchester paper for a "Man for Pig-feeding; must be a good milker and live in." *Mrs. Bull* will have to look into the milk business even more closely after this.

The Rev. H. F. Tracey, Vicar of Dartmouth, does us the honour to make a page-and-a-half preachment of us in his parish magazine. If he goes on like this, we shall have to appoint him an agent for the sale of JOHN BULL.

The Birmingham Official Receiver has just announced a final dividend of 5s. 4½d. in the £ on the estate of a bankrupt who was adjudicated in September, 1878. Who says the bankruptcy officials do not stick to a job when they once take it in hand?

We gather that vicars—at any rate, in Watford, Herts—are not as other men. To wit, when other men marry they do not allow their friends to put circulars under doors and in letter-boxes begging subscriptions to a fund for making them wedding presents. Yet this is what the churchwardens have done for the Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels. "In order to make it as representative as possible," they say, "all contributions from one penny upwards will be welcome." Possibly, or even probably, the vicar is deservedly popular with all sorts and conditions of men in Watford; but will he permit us to ask whether he thinks that churchwardens who send out cadging letters in order to make him a present are any more entitled to the protection of the police than the man who personally cadges pennies at kerbstone and doorway in order to keep himself and his family alive?

The Religious Tract Society has broken out with a flaring advertisement headed:—

THE CALL OF PORTUGAL.

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWER BE?

THE PROTESTANT WORKERS AMONGST THE PORTUGUESE

LOOK TO GREAT BRITAIN FOR HELP AT THIS CRISIS.

THE FIGHT IS AGAINST THE FORCES OF MATERIALISM AND ROMANISM.

All this leads up to a modest request for "the sum of £3,000 for the production and circulation of distinctively gospel literature in Portugal." We have our own ideas as to what our answer shall be, though we are quite at a loss to see why the expulsion of an unsatisfactory dynasty should be the signal for the dissemination of twaddling tracts. As for "the forces of Romanism," they have considerably diminished of late in Portugal; indeed, many of their commanding officers are in gaol, while their rank and file are scuttling over the frontier or thronging the boats to England. Surely it is not a mark of courage to wait to attack them until the moment when they are scattered like sheep upon a thousand hills. As for the forces of materialism, is it seriously imagined that they can be dealt with by the feeble and futile propaganda of this knock-kneed Society? Missions by all means, but let them begin at home.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Churchill is taking up the cause of poachers. Their alleged offence is one of the last superstitions of feudalism, and while we are quite willing that they should be dealt with as ordinary trespassers, they ought to be protected against the prejudice and ferocity of idle persons who live only for the pursuit of game. If those mediæval tyrants had their way, they would probably make vulpicide a capital offence.

No wonder there is an awful rush to join the Territorials! For neglecting to return a cap and badge, a belt, a frog, and a kitbag, all by him worn out and mislaid, a sergeant of the 2nd Northumbrian Field Company Royal Engineers has been dragged before the Newcastle magistrates and mulcted in 4s. 2½d., the War Office valuation. The business is the more disgraceful in that he had served twelve years in the Engineers, eight of them as sergeant, was a volunteer in the South African war, and a man of such good record that on his return he was made Honorary Freeman of the city and county. Another man, a sapper in the same company, was summoned for failing to return his worn-out puttees, officially valued at 6½d. "We will make an order for the payment of 6½d. to the Government," was the contemptuous remark of the chairman of the magistrates. We hope the man will be able to pay the money, otherwise we tremble for his fate.

We are not sure that we are quite satisfied with Mr. Cluer's action in sentencing two unfortunate Austrians to prison, without the option of a fine, for a breach of the Lottery Acts. Imprisonment ought to be reserved for really wicked people who commit offences against persons or property. The mere encouragement of a form of gambling which amounts to little more than speculation may be a sin, but it is certainly not a crime. We, therefore, applaud the judgment of the court which over-ruled Mr. Cluer's harsh decision and substituted fines of £25.

If what Mr. Willis Bund, of the Worcester County Petty Sessions, says of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, vicar of Crowle, is correct, there is another parson who will have something to answer for some day. Mr. Bund was sitting in judgment in certain affiliation proceedings when "it was stated that the parties would have married had not the rev. gentleman refused to perform the ceremony in the circumstances." Mr. Bund said "the unfortunate child was destined to be illegitimate, and a girl who might have been a respectable married woman would be branded through the action of Mr. Thompson." Mr. Bund added that he "would like to know the vicar's reasons before saying anything further." Oh, quite ecclesiastical and according to the highest ideals of Christian faith and practice in the Church, no doubt.

Not less particular than the Vicar of Littleport about his organ blower is the Doncaster Town Council about its office boys. Recently the Borough Surveyor required a lad in his office, and the Mayor, three Aldermen, and a Councillor met to consider the twenty-two applications. They reduced the applicants to six, and it was then proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously, that the chosen six of the lads should be interviewed by the full Sanitary Committee, consisting of the Mayor, two Aldermen, and three Councillors, who, on the day appointed, saw each lad in turn, and put him through his paces, the minutes eventually recording that "the Committee interviewed the selected applicants for the post of Office Boy in the Borough Surveyor's Department, and recommended that T. B. Kay, of 59, Caw House Road, Doncaster, be appointed to the position at 5s. a week." Presumably, that boy has only to be passed as efficient at a special meeting of the whole Town Council, and then he may regard himself as safely on the way to a brilliant career; providing he does not go on the race-course and waste his substance in backing the wrong horses.

Some time ago we referred to a shady bookmaker trading as G. Roberts, at Goes, Holland. It will be remembered that he organised a Derby placing competition, and announced that 20,000 competitors out of 22,000 had been successful. It appears that he is still issuing a circular, called *Sporting Profit*, and inviting the public to wager with him about football. So far, so bad. But perhaps the height of impudence is reached when he issues a solemn warning "NOT TO COMPETE in any competition so long as you are not certain of the STABILITY of the firm you intend to give your support to," and when he invites all and sundry to consult him before accepting the overtures of other firms. "Set a thief to catch a thief" may be all very well in theory, but you must first be convinced of the superstition that there is "honour among thieves."

Having decided to open the parks on Sundays, the Festiniog Town Council has been petitioned against the wicked and demoralising decision by the Methodist Sunday School Union. In the politest official terms, the Town Council has told the Methodist Sunday School Union to go to Jericho. Thus the parks are open, and the Methodist Sunday School Union is shut up; for which blessing Festiniog may now return thanks.

On a previous occasion we had the pleasure to refer to the admirable harmony prevailing among the four reverend gentlemen who share among them the spiritual work of Acocks Green. Again we find them working together for a common end, that of obtaining subscriptions for the endowment of the King Edward Memorial Cot in the new Children's Hospital at Birmingham. The appeal is headed by the Vicar, the Rev. L. T. Dodd, the second name is that of a Roman Catholic clergyman, the Rev. J. A. Gibbons, the third that of the Rev. Edgar Dodd, Congregational pastor, and the fourth, that of the Rev. A. J. Moore, Baptist minister. Outside their own sectarian work, we believe the four reverend gentlemen named make a practice of working together in this way. It is a pity their excellent example is not more widely followed in other towns and cities, where too often theological strife and bitterness are allowed to imperil and even vitiate works of public good. We sincerely hope Acocks Green may long enjoy the spectacle of these servants of the Christian Gospel harmonising their social usefulness in union and amity. We suppose, however, it would be useless to suggest that they might amalgamate their establishments on Sundays?

One of our readers is white with wrath, and expects us to be purple with indignation, because Sheriff Henderson Begg, of Stonehaven, has sentenced a boy, 11 years of age, to eight of the birch for stealing a golf ball from the course. We should certainly have let him off without a mark on his escutcheon, if we had been Mr. Begg. But when all is said, it is sometimes necessary to make a naughty boy sit up to impress his memory when he sits down. You cannot always depend on father.

A gentleman with the sweet, rural, not to say horticultural, name of Maude, seems to be a perfect terror at Leeds. The other day he sent an unfortunate man to gaol for three months for the terrible offence of singing in the street and accepting a penny from a benevolent passer-by. Another man was given a month for asking for food at a house and sitting down on a doorstep to eat what had been given him. It seems enough for anyone to be accused of begging by the Leeds police and Maude proceeds to inflict the most savage sentences. He should certainly be one of the first to be swept away when, under a Business Government, the magisterial stables are overhauled.

We hear complaints from farmers about mushroom thefts. Of course, a mushroom is such a peculiar thing, apparently springing up from nowhere in the night, that most people regard it as treasure trove. But after all, it belongs to the owner of the land, and it seems rather hard that when a man has discovered a spot which is likely to provide him with a nice relish for his breakfast, someone else should get up earlier and snatch it away.

More complaints from Territorials. For instance, we are informed that a certain company of the 4th Essex Regiment have had no drills since the annual training, which finished early in August. They have no drill hall and their commanding officer, who is apparently indifferent to the company, has not been near it since camp. Having no Instructor attached to them, they have to be content with the occasional attentions of instructors from other companies. The result is that the men, who were originally keen about attendance and military improvement, have been so often disappointed that they have lost all interest and are utterly disgusted. They number 101, and we should be surprised to hear that their case afforded an isolated instance.

It was about time that somebody began to protest against the barbarous discomfort of public schools. When we consider the large sums extorted there, the utter uselessness of much of the alleged education, the disgusting and insufficient food provided for growing youths, and all the unsanitary conditions of their lives, it seems high time that a thorough investigation was made by somebody. As Sir James Crichton-Browne has pointed out, the lighting, ventilation, heating and cleanliness of Eton class-rooms are greatly inferior to those of elementary schools. Harrow boys are herded together in tiny little rooms whose cubic capacity of air would not satisfy the inspectors of a doss-house. The housemasters of all public schools must make enormous, almost scandalous, profits, and it can only be an antiquated superstition which induces parents to submit their offspring to such barbarous conditions.

The good folk of Llandyssul evidently do not believe that Christ came to call publicans and sinners to repentance. They have just been carrying on what they are pleased to call a crusade for "stamping out the evils that were vitiating the work of religion." Among those evils was the presence of publicans at Zion Congregational Chapel, and a resolution has been carried by an overwhelming majority that "no publican on or after this date be accepted as a member of this church." Assuming that all publicans are sinners, it would be interesting to know what steps these new Crusaders intend to take for the propagation of religion and morality.

Here is an illuminating communication from Messrs. Jones and Jones, of Hannah Street, Porth South Wales:—

> We supply Family Bibles on credit, the price being £2 5s. each: they are largely used as table ornaments in this country. Last year we supplied one to a man at Pontycymmer (Glam.), who left the district without paying for it, but on enquiries being made, we found the Bible had been presented to the local corps of the Salvation Army, and have just had it returned. On the inside of the cover we find written in bold characters, the following:—"This Book was Presented to the Pontycymmer Corps of the Salvation Army, by Brother George Johnson, on Sunday, March 6th, 1910, in thankfulness to God for His great love and tender mercy in saving a deep-dyed sinner. His love can never be told." We may say that we should be very thankful for the address of this "deep-dyed" sinner, as we think it might lighten his load of sin by paying the balance due.

If Johnson doesn't own up, we shall have to put Jeffreys on his track.

We have no patience with silly sentiment about scenery, and have had our say about the Kill-joys who object to mountain railways in Switzerland. Now we hear of a similar outbreak about Mont Saint Michel, on the Norman coast. Some time ago, a causeway was built for the public convenience. Then the sands silted up on either side and frugal Frenchmen laid out dainty little gardens. They had wrested fresh fields from the sea and deserved congratulation. Instead of receiving this, they were visited by a Government Commission, which has recommended the destruction of the causeway. In other words, a number of poor people are to lose all the fruit of their industry to minister to the lust of the eyes of a few gaping tourists. Oh! the crimes which are committed in the wretched name of Art!

A reader tells us that at Hampton Court they have fitted the Picture Galleries with the electric light; and as the public are not admitted after dusk, he wonders how the expense can be justified. We give it up.

We have often wondered about the nice, kind people who send conscience money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but we think we have now discovered someone who must at least be their first cousin. This is a clerk who, in addition to his salary, receives a small allowance called tea-money. In an outburst of conscience, he wrote to the Somerset House authorities asking whether he ought to include this in his Income Tax return, and the Secretary to the Inland Revenue obligingly informed him that he ought. This is very pretty and proper, and we hope that the enquirer will in due course be promoted to the post of deacon at his chapel. But meanwhile, Jim Crow is in a state of great perplexity. He recently filled in his Income Tax papers, as well as Form 4, with the utmost care and punctilio. But it has suddenly occurred to him that several times during the last twelve months the Editor of this paper has had the honour of entertaining him at lunch. Now each of these lunches must have cost a fabulous sum, and must have meant a substantial addition to Jim's income in the course of the year. If the clerk's tea money has to go down, why should Jim's lunch money be exempt—and what about the Truck Act?

A kill-joy has sent us an interesting and remarkably moderate statement of his point of view. He tells us of the man "in the old song":—

> "The devil tempted him to snatch a kiss,
> And for his pains he was kicked downstairs."

This does not sound to us very like a song, but let that pass. The point is that the man in question probably drank and smoked and gambled, but was doubtless sadder than the average kill-joy at that particular moment. The kill-joy, it is contended, is happier because his renunciations have been voluntary and he knows that he does not make himself a nuisance to those around him. Again, the anti-killjoy is always trying to force people to drink, "in all likelihood at the expense of his starving wife and children. Is this pure, unselfish good-will?" we are asked. "No; he does it to obtain the reward of being treated again," and when his cash is gone his former friends desert him. "Again, take the smoker; he does not force himself on you. Oh, no; he does worse; he forces his vile smoke down your throat whether you can stand it or no." Of course, we never suggested that abstemious persons have the monopoly of selfishness or that thrift is to be discouraged, but we still think that by the time a man becomes a Pharisee and a kill-joy he deserves to be regarded as an unmitigated nuisance.

Contemplating Sunday golf, the Rev. W. Fulla, a Roydon Baptist minister, can hardly keep his hair on. "I am sorry to say," he complains, "that an Essex vicar patronised the links on Sunday afternoons." Here's good health and long life to that vicar. The trouble with the Rev. Mr. Fulla and others of his lamentable species is that they are so good that they see evil in places where the desperately wicked are never able to find it.

A correspondent writes to point out the danger and uselessness of lion-taming. To begin with, a lion never is really tamed. The performer enters a cage, armed with a strong whip with a sharp spike at the handle. If the lions do not growl or show their teeth when he enters the cage, he prods them with the spike and lashes them to make them run all over the cage and amuse the spectators. But if they do growl, there is considerable danger, and the tamer is very glad to get out again as soon as possible. In other words, the performance is either cruel or dangerous, and as it does no good to anybody it might just as well be abolished.

As we feared, there is no criminal procedure in Scotland for libel, but we have started a civil action against Bailie Ferguson, of Motherwell, in respect of certain scurrilous literature recently issued by him, reflecting upon the Editor and proprietors of this journal.

Isn't it remarkable that the police should have made every effort to convict two innocent men for the Gorse Hall murder? Now, we suppose that if they discover the real criminal they will be ashamed to prosecute.

Apropos of Crippen, we have heard a story which is attributed to Daniel O'Connell. A man was charged with murder, and, though no remains had been found, the circumstantial evidence was very strong. The prisoner, however, expected to score a point when he called the murdered man, who turned out to have been hiding from the police. But the jury, being Irish, found him guilty, without even troubling to leave the box. The judge expressed his surprise, but the foreman explained that the prisoner had stolen one of his horses some years previously! Whether there was a reprieve or a free pardon history does not relate.

Mr. Bramwell Booth has denied that Commissioner Coombs has resigned; the *War Cry* states that he is seriously ill; General Booth says he is on a campaign in the West of Canada—JOHN BULL repeats that Commissioner Coombs has resigned, but has not yet left the Army. Diplomatic bluffing is an art in which we do not pretend to compete with Queen Victoria Strect. "If you see it in JOHN BULL——!"

Whether you secured a copy of No. 1 of *Mrs. Bull* or not, we have a special reason for asking you to get No. 2. We venture to assert that nothing like it in the way of a woman's paper has ever been seen.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

SCENE—*non-smoking first-class carriage at station.* *Fussy Passenger*: "Guard, will you make that gentleman who is smoking put his cigar out?" Smoking passenger throws away his cigar and says: "Now guard, I object to this gentleman's presence here; he is travelling in a first-class compartment with a third-class ticket." This proves to be the case, and fussy passenger is ordered out. *Chorus of Passengers*: "How did you know he had a third-class ticket?" "I saw a corner sticking out of his pocket—*and it was the same colour as my own.*"

A 2/6 Share that may soon be worth £1.

MRS. BULL'S Readers' Preference Shares.

Why they should soon be worth £1.

BECAUSE—

1. They get a certain Six Per Cent. Dividend, paid half-yearly.
2. They have the right to exchange into Ordinary Shares.
3. *Mrs. Bull* and JOHN BULL are the greatest journalistic successes of the age.
4. The Dividends on the Ordinary Shares should be very large.
5. The Ordinary Shares (into which the Readers' Shares may be converted) should stand at a big premium.

See page 714.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICES.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do.

For stating that the River Committee "could not recommend the adoption of the Surveyor's estimate of £26 for RE-FACING THE TOWN CLERK, *etc.,"*

THE LYMINGTON AND SOUTH HANTS CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "If horseflesh is cheap, RENT, *like other kinds of* FOOD, *both animal and vegetable, is dear,"*

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in an article upon the Crippen case, that "He (Mr. Tobin, K.C.) takes the chain of evidence woven by the prosecution, and urges that it is FULL OF MISSING *links,"*

MR. RANDAL CHARLTON (a Contributor to *THE DAILY GRAPHIC*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The little squat Scotch comedian's FACE *is seen clad in tartan,"*

THE FREE PRESS (Brixton)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "£100 will be paid to any subscriber of the 'Competitor's Bulletin' making PERSONAL *application within 7 days* AFTER THEIR DECEASE,"

THE COMPETITOR'S BULLETIN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "On the following Saturday St. Paul's Cathedral will be—for the THIRD TIME *within a few months—the scene of the wedding of Mr. Delmar Blow,"*

THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Evidence was given by a police-officer to the effect that he had received a complaint about the dog being BITTEN BY THE BOY,"

THE MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For suggesting (according to a "Daily Mail" interview regarding the new Post Office "Home Safes") that "persons might fine themselves a penny every time they use bad language, while CHILDREN *will doubtless compete among themselves as to who can deposit most,"*

MR. DAVIES (Comptroller of the P.O. Savings Bank Department)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising among the conditions of an examination for Cookery Scholarships, that certain candidates must be "over 21 years of age on 31st November, 1910,"

MR. R. BLAIR (Education Officer to the London County Council)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a fire "was caused by the petrol tank leaking into the SPARKING PLUG,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The Bishop of Guildford was fined £4 and costs for driving a motor-car over a hog's back" (The Hog's Back, Guildford), "at the rate of thirty miles an hour,"

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

LIEUTENANT SUTOR DEFIES THE WAR OFFICE.

WHAT ARE THE AUTHORITIES DOING WITH HIM?—FRANTIC EFFORTS TO GAG OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

As announced last week, Lieutenant Sutor, having tendered his resignation from the Army, has become a member of our staff. No sooner was this fact known than he was re-arrested—nominally, we are aware, for a breach of the Regulations—Oh, those Regulations!—in opening his mouth to a Press representative before his resignation was officially accepted. He was re-arrested on Friday, October 21st. Three days before then he had tendered his resignation. Here is the letter by which he did so:—

October 18th, 1910.

Sir,—I have the honour to state that having been so unfortunate as to incur the grave displeasure of His Majesty the King, I feel in honour bound to resign my commission. The supreme interests of discipline, which were deliberately challenged by me, will thus be fully and adequately vindicated.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

To O.C.R.A., Tynemouth. Your obedient servant, Allan J. Sutor, Lieut., R.A.

Of course, this is not the kind of letter of resignation which the authorities are in the habit of receiving—and it apparently gave them a shock. Here was a young officer—recently Court-martialled for breach of discipline, sentenced by the Court to dismissal, but ultimately, on the initiative of Mr. Haldane, let off with a "severe reprimand"—no sooner getting his sword back than he coolly tells his Commanding Officer that he is utterly unrepentant and prefers to be quit of the whole show! Was ever such insubordination? How the official dovecots must have fluttered! Imagine an officer—and a mere Lieutenant, too—daring to have a mind of his own! Such a dangerous precedent must be suppressed at all cost. What was to be done? Happy idea—*re-arrest* him! Never mind the exact nature of the charge—that could be settled later. His resignation had not been formally accepted; he was still in the Army—and "don't you forget it" should be the policy. So a telegram was despatched, ordering him to return at once to barracks. Lieutenant Sutor was only just up from a sick bed and could easily have obtained a medical certificate of his unfitness to take the long journey from London to Tynemouth, but he is a man who loves to play the game—and thus, ill and unprepared, he at once set off.

Mystery of the Re-Arrest.

And now let us give, in his own characteristic language, the story of what followed. Here is what he wrote us from Tynemouth, under date October 24th:—

The following developments have occurred. I received a wire from Newcastle enquiring if I was responsible for a Press interview and if I admitted making the statements therein contained. I replied, "Yes," quite frankly. I then received a wire to "report myself to the O.C.R.G.A., Tynemouth, with the least possible delay." I need not have done so. My friends implored me to get a doctor's certificate as I had just got out of bed after a sharp attack of dysentery. But my object in not availing myself of a doctor's certificate was an irresistible desire to encourage the Political Secretary and his Army Council, and to assist them in their efforts to demonstrate once more for the benefit of the people of this country their extraordinary courage and capacity. I was also anxious to see whether there was any reality behind this show of strength. My arrival seems to have created quite a panic—officers tearing their hair and looking the picture of consternation. I shall give everyone a few days to recover from my arrival. A few days ought to be ample, but one never knows. We live in times of great uncertainty.

I hear that my letter of resignation has not yet left this part of the country. Heaven only knows when it will reach our one and only Politician. It seems that before my letter can leave here, a complete history of the case, covering all the facts, has to be compiled for the information of the Army Council. The result of their cogitations is then carefully planted in the Napoleonic brain of some man who in return for £5,000 a year is prepared to accept responsibility for the Army Council, the Territorials and German invasions, the Imperial General Staff, the Volunteer Veteran Reserve, and heaven only knows what other form of subsidised military hypocrisy.

I hope there can be no suggestion of personal anger against Haldane. I object to him on public grounds. Personally, he has apparently befriended me.

War Office Defied.

Such was the position up to the 27th. Then Lieutenant Sutor was placed "under close arrest"—with two sentries guarding him. Here is his account of what happened (never mind how we got it), together with one or two trenchant observations on Army matters in general:—

They are always sending me silly documents as I lie in bed asking me to explain why I gave any information to the newspapers. It ought to be quite evident that I don't want to have anything further to do with the Army Council or with their political adviser. All I ask my misguided country is to relieve me from the necessity of serving men who are serving themselves so conscientiously. To put the matter beyond all question, I have written them:

"That the Army Council and their Political Adviser have entirely forfeited my confidence, and that I do not desire to hold any further communication with them. I can quite realise that the Political Adviser will be the last to endure conviction on a matter so closely connected with his own interests. Any further communication or explanation I am at any time desirous of making will be given to the Press."

As a result of this letter, I have been placed under "close" arrest, and sentries have been placed on the gate! . . . . Haldane is beloved by military "experts." Not so Kitchener. Let John Bull put in Kitchener and then keep an eye on him. There will then be no more talk of German invasions, Territorial Nursing Associations, Volunteer Veteran Reserves, and other forms of military hypocrisy.

Well, I feel I am in a state of siege. Just like another Mafeking and the hero of the Boy Scouts! There is a lot of maficking goes on in the Army. Great generals flying off to inspect all the troops of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa—after their own troops are very tired and sick, looking at them. It gives our troops time to recover their equanimity. That is something to be thankful for.

Press Communications.

Writing again, under date of October 28th:—

My arrest is another piece of red tape on the part of the Army Council on account of my communicating with the Press.—The Army Council themselves made use of the Press on one occasion in my own personal experience. It is laid down somewhere in Regulations that the verdict and sentence of a court-martial will be considered confidential until after they have been communicated to the accused. That is the usual procedure; and it would seem quite in keeping with justice that the accused should not be the last person to be informed. In the case of my recent court-martial, however, the result was communicated to the Press by the Army Council. I was informed by a reporter, who met me in the street and conveyed the news to me. This was some time before it was officially conveyed to me. It appeared to me that the Political Adviser to the Army Council was as anxious to communicate with the Press as I was. I think he had even less right than I had.

What will be the end of the farce? One thing is certain—the authorities will not risk a second court-martial.

IS A NEW SMYTH-PIGOTT AMONG US?

MR. ALEISTER CROWLEY'S BLASPHEMOUS AND PRURIENT PROPAGANDA.

A "new religion" is usually viewed with suspicion in this country, but Mr. Crowley is just the person for such an enterprise. He is a man of good birth and education, with distinguished, almost pontifical, manners. He has travelled over all the unusual parts of the world and investigated fantastic things with zeal, if not with discretion. He has probed the secret recesses of most Oriental religions and has made a special study of all the endless literature of magic and mysticism. Though he has never yet succeeded in catching the long ear of the public, he has been a voluminous writer, and has published works which fill many shelves. "Konx Om Pax" and "777" have already been noticed in this journal. To the uninitiated, they appear like the outpourings of an extremely clever lunatic, now solemnly revealing the secrets of the ancients, now running off into the most delightful nonsense, now assuming the rôle of the preacher, now frankly pulling legs. His chief efforts have been concentrated upon the composition of really remarkable poetry. His rhythm and metre and melody are often quite perfect, and as a lord of language he runs Swinburne very close. Often he goes very near to the borderland of insanity.

His work, however, is spoiled by the intrusion of wild, erotic, and disgusting images and startling blasphemies, which restrict his writing to private circulation, though it possesses an artistic enchantment quite apart from its appeal to pruriency and debauchery.

His present "mission" was heralded in March of last year by a portly publication called *The Equinox*. The idea, evidently, is to attract the public to the teachings of mediæval alchemists or magicians. The propaganda consists in assembling a number of ladies and gentlemen in a dark room, where poems are recited in sonorous tones and a violin is played with considerable expression, amid choking clouds of incense, varied by barbaric dances, sensational interludes of melodrama, blasphemy and erotic suggestion.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT.

By special favour, or good fortune, or both, I was able to get free admission into the chamber of mysteries, which others less fortunate than I could not enter without paying in advance a fee of £5. In the corridor there stood none other than Aleister Crowley himself—a man of fine physique and with all the appearance of an actor—in a long white garment, which reminded one of a cassock one moment and a Roman tunic the next, although undoubtedly it was neither the one nor the other. He vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared. Then there came among us, for a few brief seconds, a woman, young, with strong features set in a deathly pale face. Someone said, "That is Lelia Woddell. She plays the violin and takes the chief part in the mystic *séance*."

A few of my own sex, in evening frocks, some looking as though they were strangers in the place, were enquiring for the dressing-room, and were informed there was only one such room, used by both sexes. A figure in a brown, monk-like frock, with face completely hidden by a cowl, passed among us, handing around type-written sheets explanatory of the performance, and then it was time to visit the mystic chamber.

"MASTER OF THE TEMPLE" AND "MOTHER OF HEAVEN."

The room was in semi-darkness, a bluish light hanging from the ceiling at the far end, a heavy smell of incense pervading the air, while the solemn stillness and hushed voices helped to enhance the weirdness of the place. I was taken to the front row, and a large cushion was given me to sit on. There were evidently no rules as to the pose one should adopt, for during the evening I saw some very Bohemian attitudes. To say the least, the cushions were not conducive to comfort, but those people behind me fared worse still. They sat on low wicker and bamboo footstools; several of these gave way during the performance, letting the unsuspecting occupants down, and not too gently! Presently the door was closed and locked, the low blue light fell pale and mystical upon a male figure sitting behind a cauldron, with a drum between his knees; he beat the drum with his hands, paused, and then resumed the beating, and from a small door behind him entered a number of male and female figures, ten or twelve, clothed some in white, some in brown. He ceased to beat the drum, and one of the male figures then performed the "vanishing ritual of the Pentogram," which is designed to keep away evil influences. He then lighted a fire in the cauldron, and, crouching behind, recited. Next, he joined with the brethren in an endeavour to rouse someone whom they called the "Master of the Temple." I could not refrain from a feeling of envy at his ability to slumber through such a din! They failed to wake him, and the same brother appealed to the "Mother of Heaven." She appeared in the person of Lelia Woddell, played an invocation, and the "Master of the Temple" was at last aroused. I was not surprised!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE EMBRACED.

He came forward, crouched behind the cauldron, and recited a most blood-curdling composition, filled with horrible allusions to "the stony stare of dead men's eyes," &c., &c. After all, one couldn't blame him for getting angry at being disturbed, I suppose. However, suddenly he lifted what looked like a tin of Nestlé's milk, and pouring the contents on the flame, extinguished the fire, declared that "there is no God," that everybody was free to do just as he or she liked, and left the audience in utter darkness! Not the slightest ray of light entered the room, and the atmosphere seemed heavier and more oppressive than ever. There was a sound as of people moving quietly about, which added to the uncanniness. How long this lasted I do not know, but all of a sudden an arm was placed round my neck, and a moustache pressed to my cheek—someone had kissed me!

THE DEAD MEN FED.

The next moment the blue light appeared. The mystical figures were moving before me, and I watched, fascinated. The presence of a traitor among them was suspected, and a man clad in white, sword in hand, sought this traitor among the crouching figures. What a weird picture it was! With an unearthly scream he sprang upon one of the male figures, and, dragging him forth, "slew" him before our eyes. After this there was more violin music, and a wild barbaric dance in the misty, smoky blue light. One little scene that chilled my blood occurred when the lights were extinguished. In the utter darkness, and after a long pause, in which one could hear one's own heart beat, a male voice, a terrible voice, called out: "My brethren, are the dead men fed?" "Yea, verily, the dead men are fed," came the reply. "My brethren, upon what have the dead men fed?" "Upon the corpses of their children" was the horrible answer. I had had enough, and was heartily glad when it was all over.

"REFORMATORY SCHOOL HORRORS."

HOME OFFICE ENQUIRY INTO OUR CHARGES NOW PROCEEDING.

As announced last week, Mr. Churchill lost no time in instituting a Special Enquiry into the serious allegations made by us against the administration of the Akbar Industrial School. This Enquiry commenced on Thursday of last week, under the presidency of Mr. C. F. Masterman, M.P., the Under-Secretary of State, assisted by a member of the Legal Department of the Home Office. In accordance with our promise, and at Mr. Churchill's special invitation, we have placed at the disposal of Mr. Masterman a mass of evidence in support of our allegations. We can only express the hope that Mr. Masterman will probe the matter to its depths, and that we shall not have one of the ordinary official whitewashing reports to which in recent years the public has become so accustomed. There is not, however, much fear of this, under the administration of Mr. Churchill.

Our only regret is that the Enquiry could not have been held in public. As it is, the report will be in the nature of a confidential document, but we have obtained from Mr. Churchill a promise to make a statement on the matter, if invited by Mr. Bottomley to do so, on the reassembling of Parliament.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION FIRE RELIEF FUND.

WHAT THE COMMITTEE PROPOSE TO DO.

Some months ago we directed attention to the fund that had been raised for the assistance of Messrs. Arding and Hobbs' employees who were injured in the recent fire. Our criticism was directed to the intimation that the Committee proposed to distribute a substantial balance of the Fund amongst various charitable bodies, and we gave reasons for the belief that the legitimate claims upon the Fund had not been fully met, suggesting that it would be as well to discharge them before distributing any of the money among outside charities. We have now before us a statement of the Town Clerk of Battersea, in which he says that the Executive Committee of the Fund have been unable to wind it up, because two of the employees who were seriously injured in the fire have not yet been certified to resume work, but in the opinion of the Committee the time has now arrived to indicate, "subject to the general approval of the subscribers," what they propose to do "with whatever balance may remain." This balance, it seems, is to be distributed amongst various schools and hospitals. We have to repeat our criticism, namely, that the handsome sum subscribed by the public was not more than enough to meet liberally the claims of the employees upon the Fund, and that it would have been far and away better to meet these in the way we have indicated than to distribute the money amongst outside charities, which, however deserving of support, have no claim whatever upon this particular Fund.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

"THE REMEDY IS WORSE ——"

(*A physician says over-eating is the cause of much disease, and declares that two meals a day are sufficient for anybody.*)

The starving poor know nothing of gout,
And sciatic pains never fret them;
They'd be content with two meals a day—
And they wish to heav'n they could get them!

LARGE AND SMALL.

(*It is prophesied that next year ladies will wear bigger hats than ever.*)

Fair woman loves a large-size hat,
But not a large-size boot;
So she still wears a size-four shoe:
Upon a size-six foot.

RICARDO.

"A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

OFFICERS OF EXPERIENCE NOT ACCEPTED FOR THE TERRITORIAL RESERVE.

"Old Brigade" writes:—

You have referred to the shortage of officers for the Territorials. Now for the Reserve. For this part of the Force I shall be very much surprised if they get any at all.

With your permission I will give you my own experience for what it is worth.

I served in the Regular Army in India and Burmah, with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and with the Volunteers in England and India. In all some fourteen years. As a reward I have medals for Burmah and South Africa and the rank of Hon. Lieut. in the Army. Part of my service was as Infantryman, and part in Mounted Infantry. Now do you not think that I am qualified for a commission in the Territorial Reserve? At any rate, I thought so, and approached my County Association with that object. However, the War Office thinks otherwise. It appears that an applicant for a commission in the Reserve must have held a commission for four years previously in the forces of the Crown—active service or service as N.C.O. not to be allowed to count towards the four years. So that as I did not hold my commission for four years I am barred, and many others. Yet this Government is called "Democratic."

I am told, however, that I am eligible for the Veterans' Reserve, and here comes the humorous side of the story. The V. R. is not to be allowed to drill, shoot or wear any uniform.

To sum up. An officer who has held a commission in the old Volunteers for four years, and who has seen no service at all, is eligible for the Reserve, but a man who has put in, say, fourteen years, nine of which was foreign service, and who was considered fit for a commission on active service is not fit for a commission in the Territorial Reserve in time of peace.

No wonder we are short of officers! But some day we'll have a Business Government.

"CHILDREN BARRED."

WHY CARETAKERS WITH THEM ARE NOT REQUIRED.

With reference to the paragraph under this heading in our issue of October 22nd, a correspondent thinks we have overlooked the fact that the Legislature is to some extent responsible for the attitude of advertisers for caretakers. It has been held by the Courts, that, where some premises were occupied solely for business purposes—no one sleeping thereon at night except a female caretaker, her son (who was employed elsewhere), a daughter, and a servant—the fact of these persons living with her renders the whole of the property liable to payment of Inhabited House Duty, and that this decision is strictly acted upon by the authorities. It is, consequently, impossible in many cases, except at great cost, for caretakers with children to be engaged. It is to be hoped that when the Finance Bill is next considered some member will insist upon the insertion of a provision exempting such buildings, notwithstanding the fact that children and others dependent on, or in the charge of, the caretakers reside with them.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

November 6th.—IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

Long may you live, thumping the best out of life,
Unworried by "flats" and avoided by "sharps";
And when the last "rest" puts an end to the strife,
Soar upwards, to finger celestial harps.

November 8th.—LORD ROTHSCHILD.

You know the Banks where the money grows,
Whence unearned increment unceasing flows:
If on the Bank of Time you so could call,
I question whether you would die at all!

Eight Shares for £1.

For particulars of MRS. BULL'S Half-Crown Readers' Preference Shares, see page 714.

THE LAST TRAIN FROM VICTORIA, AND WHAT HAPPENS ON IT.

Did you ever travel by the last train from Victoria to Croydon, or any of the intermediate stations? No? Well, don't. This train leaves Victoria at 12.35; that is perhaps why it is called the twenty-five to one chance. After a single journey on it, however, we have come to the conclusion that it is by no means a twenty-five to one chance that you will not have some unpleasant experience, but as a matter of fact it is more like an even money chance. Let us explain.

For some time past we have been in receipt of letters asking us to take a trip on this train, and at last we decided to try the experiment.

Now, as a rule, when persons travel by train they do not look for, nor are they troubled by having the attentions of, "ladies" of a certain class, nor the vulgar stories of cads dressed in the garb of gentlemen forced upon them. But on the 12.35? Well——

Our Special Commissioner took a ticket to Balham, and jumped into a first-class carriage. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that the first-class ticket was purchased at the booking office. It is necessary to mention this fact because certain "ladies" who travel by this train are in the habit of purchasing third-class tickets and then travelling by whatever class they may determine upon after a thorough inspection of the different compartments. Of course they never refuse to pay the difference to the inspector should he look at the tickets.

There is more than meets the eye at first sight in this piece of strategy. As a rule, there are half-a-dozen of these "ladies" who "work" the 12.35, and they are well known to the company's servants. They never enter the barrier until a minute or so before the train is about to start; then they walk quickly along the platform, give a glance into every carriage, and finally spot one to their liking. It may be one of the class for which they hold a ticket, or it may not; no matter: in they jump; they have found their prey—or they imagine they have, and that is all they trouble about. The carriage selected is always one occupied by an individual of the opposite sex. Should the "lady," on pressing her attentions, discover that she has what is commonly termed "spotted a wrong 'un," is she downhearted? Not a bit of it. She gets out at the first stopping place, takes another hurried walk along the carriages, spots a "likely" compartment, and gets in. We need say no more.

This is a disgraceful state of affairs, and we draw the attention of the Directors of the company to it. If they will only question their servants upon the matter, they will find our statement not denied. Should they do so, however, we are prepared to substantiate it by independent witnesses—for unfortunately there are a number of very respectable people who are compelled to travel by this train on account of business ties. For a respectable girl to be on the 12.35 is absolutely dangerous. Of course, we shall be told that no respectable girl should be out so late. But we know that many do not leave work till shortly before this hour. These girls should be protected. Here is a story from one of them:—

> I entered an unoccupied first-class compartment on the 12.35, and a few minutes later two well-dressed men passed the door, and stared as they passed. Suddenly they retraced their steps, and coming close to my carriage window, one, apparently the younger, said to me, "Have you room for us in with you?" I replied stiffly, "There is plenty of room if you wish to come in."
>
> He next inquired, "Is there room for us both?" Pointing to the seats which were all vacant, I said, "You can see there is room," whereupon he turned to his companion and sneeringly remarked, "The lady says there is room for one of us only." The train commenced to move, and they both got into the carriage and seated themselves opposite to me. As we moved out of the station the elder of the two, who, up to now, had not spoken a word, commenced to tell a very vulgar story, and after finishing, remarked, "You are a very quiet sort of girl," to which my reply was, "I am not usually otherwise in the presence of strangers."
>
> "But we don't expect to find quiet girls in this train," he continued, at which they both laughed. As I made no reply, the younger said, "This is the bohemian train, and we always expect to have a good time in it."
>
> I began to feel very uneasy, and I thought it best to keep them in conversation until such time as we arrived at the next station; so I said, "I know it is very late, and this happens to be the very first time I have travelled by this train. I took a first-class ticket because I thought I should be safe from interference, but I appear to have made a mistake."
>
> Laughter greeted my remark; then the younger one said, "You certainly have made a mistake, and next time I advise you to travel third."
>
> The train was now approaching Clapham Junction, so feeling safe I determined to give them a little bit of my mind. "The next time I travel by this train I shall ride third-class, if only in order to miss meeting such cads as you." The train stopped, and I got out.
>
> Of course when I told my friends about it they told me that I should have informed the guard, and had a summons taken out. But what would have been the good of that? It would have been their word against mine, and I should have been a marked girl. This would mean that possibly I should have lost my position in the theatrical world, I realised that at the moment—and I'm glad I did.

It is useless for those who are responsible for the proper conduct of this line to shield themselves, as they may, by saying, "If a passenger is interfered with, she should pull the communication cord." People shrink from taking such action except in extreme cases. Pulling the alarm cord means a police court case, with all its publicity, and, as we have said before, people will put up with almost any insult rather than go before a magistrate.

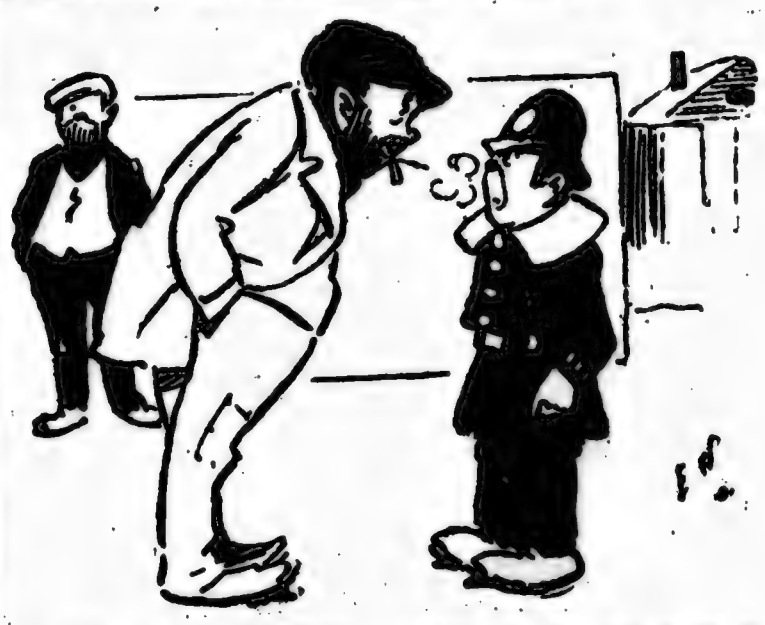
We put it to the company, that the remedy is the placing of a couple of plain clothes policemen on duty to watch this train. Meanwhile, we shall keep our eye on it!

If you want to secure a copy of No. 3 of

MRS. BULL

order it now. It is almost impossible to cope with the demand.

(A Fulham post-office has been relieved of £100 by some enterprising burglars, who put up a dummy safe for the police to look at while they were at the back lightening the real one.)



CRIME to LAW AND ORDER.—"Yuss, ole cock, you've got to go to school a little longer yet, mate, before you can teach us anythink."

MURDER.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

I was struck by the remark of one of my learned friends in a recent case, that there never can be any adequate motive for murder.

The Mystery of Murder.

But what is murder? Under the present state of society it is an artificial crime. The hangman is permitted to do his work upon a man whom twelve nondescripts have convicted of homicide on circumstantial evidence. A soldier is regarded as a hero when he hides behind a boulder and shoots several strangers with whom he has no personal quarrel. Many people will say that it is noble and patriotic to drag a king out of his palace and cut his head off if you disagree seriously with his politics. In that case, he goes down to history as a tyrant. If, however, your plans have been badly laid, he is quite justified in sending you to the scaffold as a rebel. Many doctors will admit in moments of frankness that they think it right to put a man out of the way if he is certainly suffering from an incurable disease. Is not it always open to debate whether we ought not to shoot or poison people whom we regard as enemies of the human race? That, of course, would carry us very far. We should not only manufacture bombs for statesmen who threaten to involve our country in a disastrous war, but we might even feel justified in killing Socialists who want to steal our savings, or torture those who threaten to tax our food. If anyone told us this was very wicked, we should just shrug our shoulders and talk airily about the greatest good of the greatest number.

The Morality of Murder.

Now, here is a poser for people who think they know everything: Why may I not commit murder? I don't happen to want to; even if I did, I should probably shrink from the consequences. But give me a single convincing reason why I mustn't. I know all about the sixth commandment, but there is nothing in the Bible to make it more binding than the tenth, which forbids me to covet my neighbour's ass. Moreover, if we once begin to discuss the injunctions of religion we shall prove nothing. The Jewish religion forbids me to have a hot dinner on Saturday, and the Mohammedan religion issues a veto against a little wine for my stomach's sake. When you come to think of it, no ethical law can depend solely upon the ordinances of religion. Convenience? Of course, if we all started killing right and left whenever we disliked the shape of a nose or the cut of a whisker, we should not have quite so much public security as is required from civilisation. But if it is a mere convenience to abstain from killing, just as we abstain from eating peas with our knives, or walking about stark naked, it will be necessary to thresh out the whole problem every time we feel a murderous instinct. The future of the race? As a matter of fact, if we all went about armed to the teeth, slaying whenever the fancy took us, the race would probably benefit, for the fittest would survive. We must certainly commit no murder, but for the life of me I cannot tell you why.

Honourable Homicide.

In many countries which pretend to be civilised, murder is often regarded as quite a venial offence. Whether Servia can claim to be civilised I do not venture to pronounce, but the savages who tore their King and Queen to pieces are still honoured by the nation; they often extend their bloody hands to be grasped by the British representative. In France and America it is considered quite right and proper to murder somebody if you feel jealous or disappointed. Suppose a man pays undue compliments to your wife or your mistress: by all means creep behind him in a theatre and shoot him through the head. A free and independent jury will say, "Bravo! serve him right," and you will leave the court without a stain upon your character; or at the worst, you will be pronounced irresponsible for your actions, and may have to spend a few comfortable years as a paying guest in a lunatic asylum. A woman with an unwelcome baby is also encouraged to use vitriol or a dagger upon a parent who seeks to shirk his responsibilities. In the case of certain crimes, especially when committed by negroes, it is not necessary to wait for the sluggish process of the law. A whole crowd of citizens leap upon their horses, capture the suspect, and string him up to the nearest tree without any further formality. According to any civilised code, this is murder, but in the United States of North America it is quite a common occurrence.

Consideration for Cut-throats.

In the good old days murderers commanded even greater respect. Border barons or brigands gained wealth and consideration by waylaying travellers, slitting their weasands, and confiscating their chattels with all the serenity of a modern Customs official. Prosperity grew in proportion to the opportunities for throat-cutting and rapine. It is probably no exaggeration to say that all the holders of ancient titles owe their present consideration to the murderous accomplishments of their ancestors.

Adulated Assassins.

An assassin was perhaps an even more distinguished scoundrel. Philologists dispute about the origin of his name. According to Voltaire, he was the head of a tribe on the high road to the Lebanon and waxed very rich at the time of the Crusades. According to another version he was a consumer of hashish, "the herb dangerous," which renders men temporarily insane. Others again derive assassin from the Aissawa, a fanatical Moslem sect. According to our present ideas, an assassin is a polished villain who gives you a clean stab under the short ribs and then disappears into the darkness. Some moralists, however, place him in a lower class than the ordinary savage murderer, alleging cowardice and treachery. They would probably put poisoners in this category, forgetting that their best work was admired as a fine art at the highly-polished court of Florence in the days of the Medici and that prince of statesmen, Nicholas Machiavelli. Rousseau, also, whom at least half-a-dozen fools have acclaimed as a philosopher and a number of female contemporaries admired for his eloquence, spoke very indulgently of assassination. In his famous "Emile" he laid down the law about the education of a youth as a carpenter, giving full directions for the conduct of a conscientious preceptor. This worthy was not only to accompany his pupil to houses of ill-fame, but was to exhort him, if given the lie or a box on the ear, to "assassinate his man prudently."

The Majesty of Murder.

Which of us can put his hand on his heart and say that he has never felt the glamour of murder? The very word causes a thrill of excitement, even if it be tinged with horror. When it is written "murther," it is even more fantastically fascinating. Nearly all the successful plays, or novels which command a really great circle of readers, are concerned with murder under some form or other. Observe also what crowds will gather round a Court of Justice, tear open every succeeding edition of an evening paper, scramble for a glimpse of the accused, hurry to gape at his effigy among waxworks, bid for his personal relics, when he is being tried on a capital charge. Compare this with the lack of interest in far more complicated and romantic cases, when questions of probity or property are alone at issue. Then, perhaps you will begin to realise the fatal fascination of murder and all its creepy sensations and uncanny influences.

Haunting Horrors.

Thus you will account for some of the silly superstitions which have collected around this particular crime. It is almost a commonplace that "murder will out," though as a matter of fact the great majority of murders never out at all. Even so unsophisticated an operator as Jack the Ripper completely baffled all the efforts of justice. There are also theories that a murderer always feels constrained to revisit the scene of his crime; that, though he may be the cleverest and cunningest of men; he will invariably make some silly little blunder in order to put justice on the track; in fact, that some superhuman power is always there to direct his head towards the noose. As a matter of fact, a murderer probably makes just as many and just as few mistakes as a member of any other profession—say, a thief, or a tradesman, or a politician. As to his being haunted by his crime to his dying day, that is merely a question of his nerves or his education. Many murderers have gloried in their deeds. Why, then, should they be haunted by a sense of guilt? Do let us employ a little common sense.

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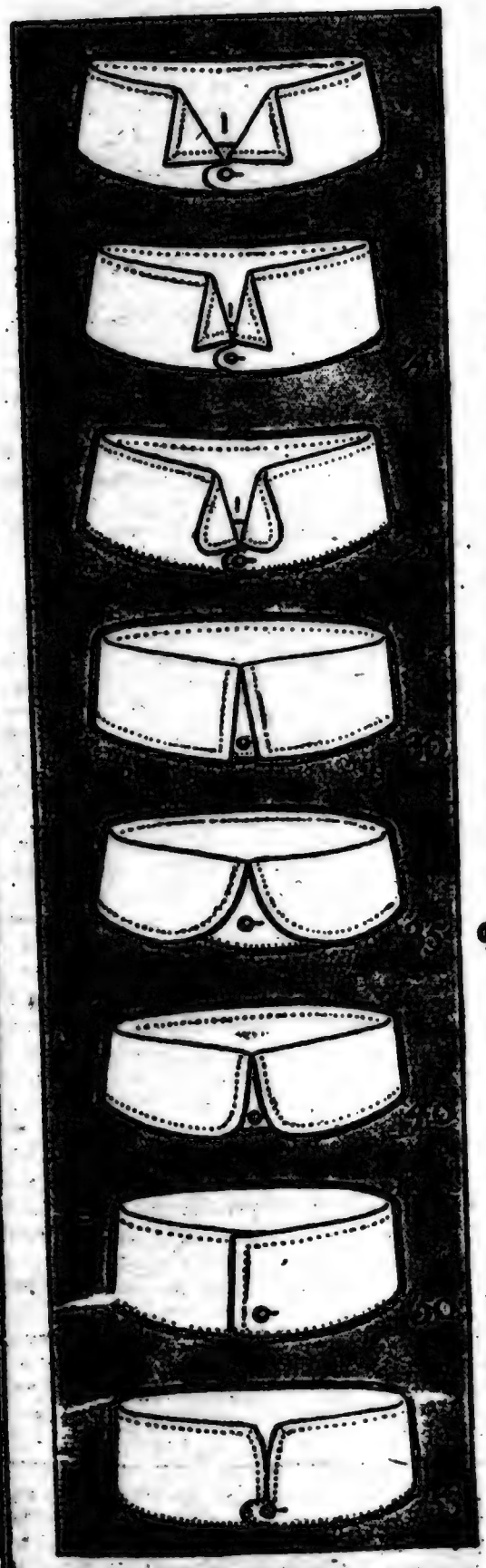

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HARROW HEADMASTERS.

By An Old Harrovian.

[*We do not in any way associate ourselves with the views of our contributor—who is evidently of a sour and cynical nature.*]

Harrow has certainly been very unfortunate in its headmasters, and it is surprising that the school should have prospered in spite of them. At one time it was so discredited that there were scarcely any boys left. Then some clever advertiser took the matter in hand and prosperity returned. But we can recall scarcely any headmasters who possessed even the rudiments of common-sense.

Dr. Vaughan was a ridiculous pedant who never commanded the respect of the boys. He was succeeded by Dr. Butler, the present Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. This gentleman presided over an era of prosperity in spite of himself. He was always exceedingly unpopular both with the masters and boys, and the latter expended all their wit in mocking his ludicrous affectations. He had a voice like that of an old woman, and used to make the most childish observations with an affected manner which was a grotesque caricature of almost regal dignity. He was of course a marvellous scholar, but his horizon was bounded by Latin and Greek and his pedantry a by-word. As a toady and tuft-hunter he surpassed all his generation, and he has now found his proper sphere in the rich sinecure with which his old college has provided him. He spends his life waddling about like a man-mountain and making interminable speeches about nothing at all. He is chiefly remembered at Harrow for the absurd edict which he issued on his arrival. For generations the boys had been accustomed to go about with their hands in their pockets, carrying all their books under their arms. This offended his sense of decorum, and he ordered that all their pockets should be sewn up. But traditions are very strong at public schools, there was almost an insurrection, and he very soon had to give way.

He was followed by Dr. Welldon, who soon made such a mess of things that he had to be packed off to Calcutta, and has since found oblivion in a deanery. If the other masters had disliked Butler, they absolutely loathed Welldon. I remember being told by an editor that he had given one of the assistant masters Welldon's latest book for review, in order to make sure that it would be properly slated. And the boys viewed him with profound contempt.

His successor, Dr. Wood, was more like a human being, but he toadied to royalties and grovelled before titles to a sickening extent, and he contracted a very offensive habit of trying to glorify himself by extracting from the boys subscriptions for all sorts of doubtful or controversial purposes. As to the new man, Mr. Ford (I do not know whether he has yet blossomed forth as a doctor), he has made a bad beginning by trying to interfere with the ancient customs of the boys. It has been for generations their habit to greet their masters by raising one finger in the direction of the hat. There was no discourtesy about this; it was simply a custom. But it did not satisfy the new broom, who is not even an old Harrovian. Following in the misguided footsteps of Dr. Butler, who tried to sew up pockets, Ford has solemnly decreed that boys are to *touch* their hats to assistant masters and—take them right off when they meet him! No doubt he considers himself so august and transcendental a personage that no mere boy should remain covered in his presence. But he seems to have forgotten that the Harrow hat is nearly as complicated as a lady's. There is an arrangement of elastic at the back, and you require almost a surgical operation to disentangle it. No doubt efforts will be made to meet his wishes at first, but he will do well to reckon with the vast forces of passive resistance, which will undoubtedly be set in motion by the conservative traditions of nearly four hundred years. It is dangerous for an outsider to come and tamper with the minutest of the properties of the ark of the covenant.

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SEE PARTICULARS OF MRS. BULL'S 2s.6d. READERS' PREFERENCE SHARES ON Page 714

Every Reader of JOHN BULL should secure some.

OUR "AGONY" COLUMN.

By Richard Morton.

Lloyd George.—Must see you, imperative. Want a long talk, oh, so badly. Things cannot go on like this much longer. Say, will you meet me under Big Ben, or must I come to D. Street?—Christabel.

Winston.—Call soon at the Scrubbs. Hearty welcome awaits you. Could do with a bit off. At home every day for next six months.—Sikes.

Alfonso.—Being out of it is not so bad. We are a merry family. When are you coming to join us?—Manuel.

If A. J. B. will communicate with his anxious friends, all will be forgiven, and he will hear of something to his advantage. Lord W. de B. enquires.

Melville.—Do not believe rumours that I am jealous. But the Bishop's Son will continue to ask the Eternal Question, Why is the Bad Girl still Winking? Thought he was much better than she is. Bless the dear public.—Caine.

Tobin.—Thanks for congratulations.—F. E. S.

Robert Donald.—Shall we mingle our tears at the Club, to the end that we may chronicle the evening news together in future?—W. J. Evans.

William O'B.—See you have been holding out an Olive Branch. Will you get what you want, or will I get what I want? Shall we wait and see?—Johnny R.

Ramsay Mac.—Notice you have written a book about my Awakening. What a lot you must have noticed during the few weeks you spent with me. When are you coming back for another week-end?—India.

Grahame-White.—Have you seen the announcement? Hear you have been sky-scraping and found a Star. Hope you won't be so flighty in future. Chase me!—Pauline.

Caruso.—Hear you are coming to the Coliseum. Shall certainly book a sixpenny seat if you sing the "John Bull League Song."—H. B.

A Message from Beyond.—To W. T. Stead.—All your life you have hated the stage as a thing accursed. Up to a year or two back, you had never set your foot inside a theatre. The footlights were an abomination. Now I have just met Thespis, and understand you have allowed your daughter to appear on the boards and do a bit of Portia and Lady Macbeth. William, William, why this thusness?—Julia.

Kaiser.—If you have all that money to lend to the Turks, will you remember that we can do with a bit in this corner of the earth? Am thinking of floating a loan. Won't you help us in our hour of need?—Braga, Lisbon.

Conscience Money.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of bank-notes for fifty pounds from "Duke." The full name and address will be esteemed, as the post-mark is not clear, and might be either Arundel or Woburn. Or neither.

Public Notice.—In the matter of the Conference, Limited, Winding-up Order. Creditors and others expecting to receive benefits under this concern are advised that no claims can be entertained bearing a date later than the First of April last.

£45 Reward.—Lost, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, an elegant landau, with appointments. May have gone to sea. Anybody returning same to H. H. A., or owner, will receive the above reward.

Lost.—My Temper. Finder will please communicate with the War Office.—Captain B.-S.

Lost.—From the vicinity of Covent Garden, an Express parrot. Can say, "Your food will cost you more," but is rather hoarse from much use. Not been seen or heard for some time. Finder will be rewarded with a neat penknife on applying to Pearson, Henrietta Street.

Lost, from Battersea, a Brown Dog. A liberal reward will be paid to anybody restoring the same to its pedestal. All communications to the Anti-Vivisection Society.

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of Cover.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS.

In every big business house there is always one man who is sent for when some special information is wanted. This is "the man who knows." The man who knows is the man who succeeds in Business. Why should not *you* be that man?

The world makes room for the man who knows. In the Business world the man who knows is the man who succeeds; he carries all before him because he has confidence in himself and he has confidence in the information he is acting on. He knows it has led others to Business success, and he knows it is going to lead him to Business Success. And so he has no fears, he goes on from one step on the Business ladder to another, till he gets right there. The world makes room for the man who knows.

Why Not You?

Has it ever occurred to you that you yourself might just as well be "the man who knows"? The man who knows is no more born with this specialised Business knowledge than he is born knowing how to read. He made up his mind to acquire it, and he did acquire it.

And so may you. But how?

Perhaps you have never heard of "The Business Encyclopædia"? or perhaps you have heard of it and read of it, but have brushed the knowledge aside, saying it did not concern you.

You never made a greater mistake in your life. Everything relating to business concerns you—your bread-and-butter depends on it. You cannot afford to neglect Business knowledge nowadays. You cannot afford to be inefficient.

The fact is, that the present condition of things in the Business world is one that has no parallel in the story of commerce. At no time in the history of the world was the fight so remorseless, the combat so keen, the issue so deadly.

During the last few years a new spirit has entered into Business life. The old weapons—sobriety, industry, punctuality, courtesy—of course, you need them. The young man standing on the threshold of his Business life especially needs them. But to-day he needs something more. He needs systematised Business knowledge. And if he has not got this, or he doesn't know where to get it, or, knowing, does not trouble himself about getting it, then inevitably, surely and swiftly, too, he gets crowded out. There is no room for the inefficient man in Business. There is no room for the inefficient man anywhere. He goes under. And "the man who knows" comes steadily to the top.

Now the question is "How are *you* going to make yourself efficient?"

The Key to Business Success.

The "Business Encyclopædia" is the key to Business Success. The shopkeeper finds it valuable because it helps him to get more business. The clerk finds it valuable because it helps him to get a better position. The office manager finds it valuable because it helps him to organise his staff and his work. The commercial traveller find sit valuable because it tells him things about his work, the best methods and the rules that apply to it, that he never knew before. If all these men find it valuable, what reason is there for your idea that it does not concern you? The greatest mistake any man can make is to think he can dispense with aids that successful men have found valuable. The reason these men have succeeded is because they did not disdain the Business Book that gives them the information that means Success in Business.

With the "Business Encyclopædia" at your elbow you can turn up any point of doubt or difficulty that presents itself for solution, in the course of the Business day. There are over 12,000 references on the Index. Do you not see that this means certain facility of reference?

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The Higher Branches of a Clerk's Education

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Debt Collecting, County Court Business, Banking and Cheque-book difficulties, and all about Bills, Foreign Trade, Shipping, etc., etc.—no clerk who means to rise will willingly remain ignorant of these matters, even though at the moment they do not seem to directly concern him and his present work.

The man who knows is the man who rises. If you do not know about Business, you are not able to seize a good chance when it comes your way. You never know when an opportunity is going to come your way in Business. The way to avoid missing it is always to be ready.

Written by the Most Successful Business Men of the Day.

The men who have written the Business articles in the new and revised edition of the "Business Encyclopædia" are at the top of the tree in the Business world. Amongst the contributors are Richard Burbidge (Managing Director, Harrod's Stores), P. C. Burton (Managing Director, Horncastle, Ltd.), John Cansfield (Managing Director, Lipton, Ltd.), Sir Thomas Dewar, S. F. Edge, the well-known motor expert, Joseph Fels (Fels-Naptha Soap Co.), A. W. Gamage (Managing Director, A. W. Gamage, Ltd.), John Hassall, R.I., the celebrated poster artist, John Lawrie (Managing Director, William Whiteley, Ltd.), Joseph Lyons (Managing Director, J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge, founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), H. Simonis (Advertisement Manager of the *Morning Leader*), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the *Daily Mail*), S. J. Waring (Managing Director, Waring and Gillow).

This work stands alone as the only work published in England that deals with Business, Money and Trade, and that covers every aspect of these all-important subjects. The only way to become "the man who knows" is to own and to use the "Business Encyclopædia." The only way to succeed in Business is to *know* all about Business.

Two Opinions.

1. Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., Bristol:—
"The volumes have already proved of great use to us and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work."

2. Mr. L. C. Horsley, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:—
"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am only sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

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AN UP-TO-DATE REPORT OF A MURDER TRIAL.

BY OUR OWN DESCRIPTIVE WRITER.

The trial of William Sikes for the murder of his grandmother was commenced yesterday morning. It is a trial which is epoch-making in the annals of crime, and the entire earth is waiting with hushed, breathless expectancy upon every syllable of the evidence.

Sikes is charged with the brutal murder of his grandmother. The full story of the discovery of the body and of the circumstances which led to his arrest has already been contributed to these columns by the prisoner's *fiancee*; and, incidentally, it may be put upon record that the cheque paid by us to her was the largest ever known in such a connection. Photographs of it, together with her endorsement on the back, are given on another page.

Our readers are therefore intimately acquainted with this blood-stained episode in the history of crime, and all its loathsome and revolting details have already been offered at all the breakfast tables in the United Kingdom and the British possessions beyond the seas.

William Sikes is now upon his trial for the wilful murder of his grandmother. With his eyes shut he can already see the hangman's noose; into his ears in the silent watches of the night comes the awful sound of the drawing of bolts.

Yesterday morning the Court was crowded with the cream of the social world. To look along the line of distinguished faces was to realise "Who's Who?" in the flesh. The delicate aroma of the dainty toilets of the ladies entirely deodorised the effects of the fumes of West-end club smoking-rooms which clung to the *dernier cri* habiliments of the sterner sex, and lent a fragrance to the place which, for a time at least, carried one's thoughts far away from all associations of crime.

Tickets had been issued, and all seats were carefully numbered. In the capital arrangements which had been made for the comfort of all concerned, one could almost detect the skilled hand of a manager of a popular playhouse.

The Court could have been filled hundreds of times over. The Opera House itself would have been taxed to its utmost capacity. Nor could the Opera House vie with the brilliance of the scene.

On the left of the entrance sat young Lord Gargoyle, accompanied by his mother, Lady Flying-Buttress. We have been accused in certain quarters of paying too much attention to the doings of the Smart Set, particularly to those of the young lord who has all society at his feet, and is the despair of match-making mothers; but the most casual observer yesterday morning could not help noticing how frequently he smiled over his mother's shoulder at pretty little Miss Pansy Lightfoot, the dancer from the Frivolity, and that she returned his attentions in an unmistakable manner. Pansy sat by the side of her manager, who was entirely enveloped from head to foot in a fur-lined overcoat with a deep Astrachan collar.

An electric thrill ran through the Court as the celebrated actor, Mr. Algernon Réclame, made a dignified entrance, and took his seat beside the witness-box. His face was hard with the pallor of white marble. As a delicately-modelled white hand pushed back the raven-black hair from his eloquent temples, one caught the glint of smothered lightnings in his imperious eye. Mr. Réclame was aware that a fellow creature was about to be tried for his life. That was evident. It was what he had come to see.

Lord Gargoyle left his seat, and shook hands with the eminent Thespian, and the two remained in animated conversation, affording great satisfaction to the onlookers.

Another sensational entrance was that of Mr. Sleuth, the detective, who, with the aid of several members of our staff, brought the prisoner to justice. Mr. Sleuth paid a handsome tribute to the value of our services by carrying in his hand a copy of this journal, with the name fully exposed to view. That he is, every inch of him, the typical policeman, and that no sane person could possibly take him for anything else, is only another tribute to his unerring skill and dexterity as a tracker of men.

The silver laughter of gaily-clad, refined and sensitive ladies, and the delicate tones of cultured men—all of them assembled to see a man tried for his life—was hushed. A silence that could be felt, broken only by the creaking of someone's boots in a corridor outside, ensued. Then all stood up, and the judge entered. Then all sat down.

All shadows of doubt as to the prisoner's guilt have already been removed by us in these columns, and full details of the crime which has drawn upon his insignificant head the gaze of the entire world have already been published *ad nauseum*. The evidence is given verbatim in another column.

The prisoner pleaded "Not guilty." Lord Gargoyle whispered something into his mother's ear which could not be heard, but which looked like "He's a plucked 'un!" by the formation of his lips. The judge frowned.

Little incident marked the first day of the trial of William Sikes for the murder of his grandmother.

A garment with an ugly, brownish-red stain upon it was produced by the prosecution, and considerable excitement was caused when Lady Studded-Tyers uttered a shrill scream and fainted into the strong arms of the handsome young cavalry officer who, rumour tells us, is to carry her before an altar not a hundred miles from Hanover Square in the early spring of next year. The exhibition of the garment was no doubt necessary, but we cannot help thinking that more consideration for the feelings of the delicately-nurtured ladies present should have been exercised by prosecuting counsel. This opinion was also shared by several distinguished people near us.

With relentless strokes, now subtle as the thrust of a Borgia poniard concealed in a bouquet of roses, now crushing as the blow of a Nasmyth hammer, the prosecution drove home point after point of damning fact.

From the expression upon Mr. Réclame's face one gathered that he highly appreciated the skill of speech and gesture displayed by young Mr. Bottom-Wigg, the counsel for the prosecution. The legal profession will feel proud.

Although the day's sitting was not concluded until the shadows of evening were falling, no one in the distinguished company showed the least signs of fatigue. There is something in breeding after all.

The impatience displayed by Mr. Réclame, however—he looked repeatedly at the clock—was explained by the fact that he plays an early scene at the Ambiguity Theatre.

The prisoner will have cause to remember the first day's hearing of the charge against him of murdering his grandmother.

As our representative left the Court he had the honour of a few words with Lady Flying-Buttress. She expressed herself as being entirely satisfied with the arrangement of the day's proceedings, but had a suspicion that the length of the trial would delay her visit to Baden-Baden longer than she had expected. Our readers may expect a series of articles from her pen entitled "The Effect upon a Society Leader of Hearing a Murder Trial."

"MRS. BULL'S" HALF-CROWN SHARES.

At the request of a large number of readers of this journal, we have arranged that any applications received from them by Monday next., 7th inst., will be considered by the directors of the Company which is formed to take over *Mrs. Bull*. The shares are being applied for extensively, and should constitute an ideal investment—being assured of a regular 6 per cent. dividend, with the valuable right of exchange into Ordinary shares at the option of the holder. Full particulars appeared in our last issue, and any reader requiring a copy of the prospectus may obtain same by writing to the Secretary, Mrs. Bull, Limited, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.—or applications may also be addressed to him on the subjoined form.

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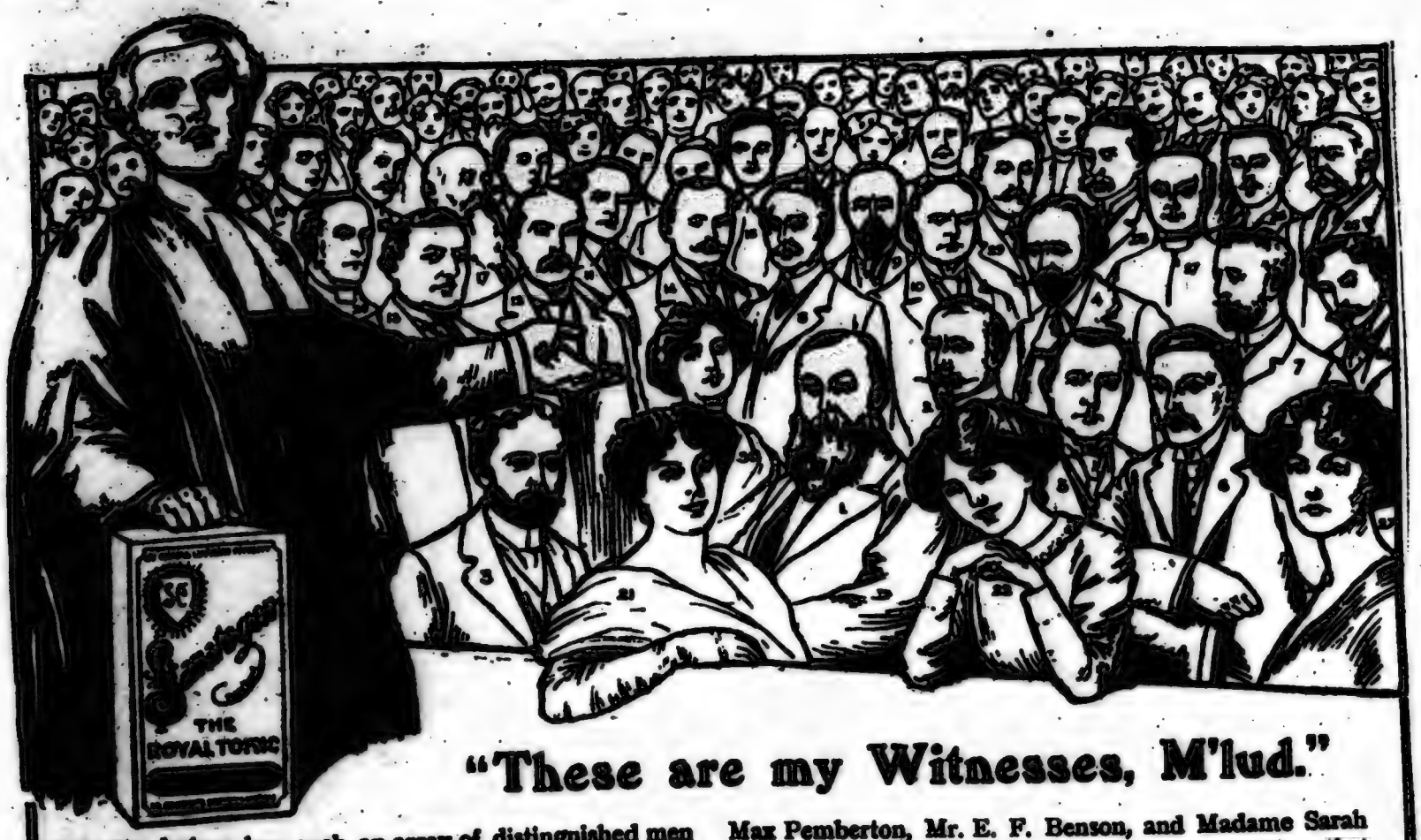

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"They will prove, beyond all doubt that Sanatogen enables the healthy man to live the strenuous life without unduly feeling its effects; that it gives perfect health to the convalescent, and restores the complete nervous balance even where it has been grievously disturbed.

"Sir Charles Cameron, that eminent Chemist and Public Analyst, will tell you that 'Sanatogen is a substance of the highest nutritive value, containing a large amount of phosphorus in exactly the form in which it can be easily absorbed. It is an excellent nerve food.'

"From among distinguished prelates I will cite the evidence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells and Father Vaughan, while from many Members of Parliament whom I might call, Sir Gilbert Parker will depose: 'I have used Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. It is, to my mind, a true food tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the overworked body and mind.'

"My literary witnesses include Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. E. F. Benson, and Madame Sarah Grand, the last of whom will endorse her writing that

'Sanatogen has done everything for me which it is said to be able to do for cases of nervous debility and exhaustion. I began to take it after nearly four years' enforced idleness from extreme debility, and now I find myself able to enjoy both work and play again.'

"Art supplies us with such witnesses as Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove, R.B.A., and Mr. Walter Crane, while among actors Sir John Hare will tell you 'I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health. I can heartily recommend it to those working under similar distressing circumstances.'

Weakness Banished.

"In the social world Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill will add his evidence to that of Lady Henry Somerset, who says: 'When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone and the whole human machinery is made fit for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner.'

"I may further at least refer to the fact that no fewer than ten physicians to crowned heads of Europe have added their testimony to that of over twelve thousand other doctors that they have prescribed Sanatogen with the most gratifying results."

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2. Mr. Walter Crane
3. Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
4. Mr. Hall Caine
5. Mr. Sydney Grundy
6. Mr. E. F. Benson
7. Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower
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20. The Bishop of Bath and Wells
21. Madame Clara Butt
22. Miss Blanche Terries
23. Miss Irene Vanbrugh
24. Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, R.B.A.
25. Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A.
26. Mr. W. Rhodes, the Cricketer
27. The Rev. Father Vaughan
28. Mr. Eden Phillpotts
29. Mr. Max Pemberton
30. Miss Constance Collier

Sanatogen may be obtained of all Chemists, price 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. per tin. A free descriptive booklet, written by a London physician, will be sent, post-free, on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Sanatogen Company, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., mentioning JOHN BULL.

SANATOGEN

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—CXIV.

A FAMILY OF SEVEN ON THE VERGE OF STARVATION.

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT BY THE CANADIAN IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES.

The following case has been carefully investigated, and seems to us to be a particularly hard one. We shall be pleased to forward any sums sent by benevolent readers for the benefit of the man and his family:—

In the month of August last year, there sailed from this country a strong healthy man, his wife, and four children. They were bound for Canada—the so-called "Golden West." The parents were full of hope, for they were young and strong, and they were going to a country where they were told there was plenty of work, and good wages for doing it. They had read in the papers that such was the case; and hadn't the Salvation Army said so also—surely the disciples of "General" Booth would not lie? In addition to the parents there were four children, aged 14, 10, 4, and 2 years respectively.

The voyage out to Quebec we may pass over with the single comment that the accommodation on the steamship was about that accorded to pigs, and in a way far inferior to that given to the cattle which were on board. But the family did not complain; it was only for a short time.

They landed at Quebec, and eventually reached Toronto. They had been told that after their arrival in the "Land of Promise," they would be met at each town by some official of the Immigration authority, who would see to them, and give them all information as regards finding lodging accommodation and the obtaining of a situation. But no officials other than those who saw that they had the necessary amount of cash in their possession on landing ever troubled them with their presence.

On reaching Toronto they had ten pounds. The man got a job—season work only—at a fur store, and his pay was ten dollars a week. This finished, he looked out for something else, and answered the following advertisement:—

> MAN WANTED, to take charge of farm, vicinity of North Bay. Married preferred. Good references required.

After an interview, he took on the job at 25 dollars a month, house free, and seven dollars a cord for all wood chopped. Here was "heaven" at last. They were to go on to a nice little farm, where the husband would have to look after a horse, a couple of cows and pigs, chop wood and so on—and they were to have a house to themselves.

The little family entrained, and after a long journey got to North Bay. Here they found that the farm was nine miles away. They walked the nine miles, carrying their few traps with them. When they arrived they found the house was a broken down old shanty—not a stick of furniture was there, no cooking utensils, no food, and none to be got nearer than the railway station—to which they returned. Here the father, a strong healthy man of 35, dropped down with sheer exhaustion. A Government doctor attended him. For weeks he was confined to his bed. As soon as he was able to rise, he and his family were bundled into a train for Montreal, to be deported back to England.

On getting to Montreal, this most respectable family were placed in a conveyance and driven to the Dominion Government Emigration Hall in St. Antoine Street. It is a sort of prison, where these decent people became the associates of convicts and prostitutes of all nations. There were also in the common hall both men and women who were to be deported because they were insane. When the mother and her little children retired to rest, they did so on a filthy couch in a room in which there were women of a questionable character, who used to sit up in bed, smoke cigarettes, and curse like troopers of the old type. The description given of this house of detention is that of a living hell. They remained there a week—then they were shipped home.

The little party eventually arrived at Euston with not a penny between them. The few clothes they had on their backs were at once pawned for food. They have been here about three weeks, and *the wife has just been confined of her fifth child*. Readers will perhaps now realise what that woman must have gone through in Canada.

All the family are existing in one miserable room. At present they are in receipt of some little help from the parish authorities. Assistance is wanted to place them on their feet again. The man wants work. Can any of our readers give him any? He is a packer, with excellent references.

We have received, and duly remitted, the following sums to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CVII.—C. I., 5s.

CXI.—C. C. C., 2s. 6d.; H. V. B., 2s.; K. and G., 1s.

CXII.—H. M. S., 5s.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; K. and G., 1s.; F. S. 5s.; "Nemo," 2s.; E. C., 10s.

CXIII.—"An Honest Freemason," 5s.; T. B., 2s. 6d.; J. J. J., 2s. 6d.; C. B. P., 3s.; C. T., 2s. 6d.; G. H., 3s.; H. R., 2s.; H. M. C., 1s.; "West Bowling," 2s.; Y. H., 10s.

THE TRANSFER OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

A WORD WITH THE SYNDICS.

It will not be forgotten that when *The Times* Proprietary invited the public to buy the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, some very severe criticisms were passed upon the way in which the volumes were advertised and put before the public. Rightly or wrongly—and who shall say it was wrongly?—educated opinion regretted that the control of this great national work had passed into the hands of pushful Americans. And those who have read the prospectus of the new edition and the announcements in the Press, will have noted with much satisfaction the statement that it no longer belongs to Messrs. Hooper and Jackson, and persons they represent, but has passed into the abiding possession of the University of Cambridge.

But has it so passed? We find it stated in the prospectus that £230,000 was spent on the production of the new edition before a single volume had been printed. That £230,000 must have been expended by the Hooper-Jackson Syndicate—as, if the Hooper-Jackson Syndicate have transferred the Encyclopædia Britannica to the University of Cambridge, the University must have found not only the £230,000 actually expended on the eleventh edition but a further sum as the value of goodwill. Now it will occur to many to ask how it comes that the University of Cambridge has £230,000 and over for this purpose. It is a large sum of money, almost a quarter of a million sterling, and we have been accustomed to be told that the University finds it not very easy to make both ends meet. Certainly it will come as a surprise to many to learn that it could put its hands upon a quarter of a million for a business speculation.

No Answer to a Plain Question.

This obscure but important point induced a business man who was anxious to buy a certain number of copies of the Encyclopædia Britannica, but would have nothing to do with Hooper and Jackson, to write to the Manager of the University Press and ask him straight whether he might take it as a fact that there had been an actual transfer of the Encyclopædia Britannica from the Hooper-Jackson Syndicate to the Syndics of the University. From the position of the enquirer, and his business requirements, this was a very proper question to put, but he received no answer, and he interprets the refusal of the University management to answer his question as meaning that there has been no such transfer. Is he right?

It will be said, and we are in hearty sympathy with the observation, that it is inconceivable that the Syndics of the University of Cambridge would deliberately deceive the public in this way, and lead it by a cunningly worded prospectus to believe that the Syndicate had parted with its interest in the Encyclopædia if it still retained an interest in the undertaking. We feel confident that the Syndics could explain away any doubt that has been thrown upon them in this matter, but we may say our information is very precise. For example, we are assured that orders for the printing of this great work are still given out by, and on account of, the Hooper-Jackson Syndicate.

Are the Public Being Deceived?

Not to beat about the bush, we are assured on what ought to be competent authority, that there has been no transfer of the Encyclopædia Britannica from the Hooper-Jackson group to the Syndics of the University of Cambridge. We are assured that the Hooper-Jackson Syndicate are the persons mainly interested in the forthcoming sale of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

It may well be that the copyright of the Encyclopædia Britannica is to pass to the Syndics of the University of Cambridge. But assuming that to be the case it does not meet the charge that the prospectus is highly misleading. In saying this we wish it to be clearly understood that we do not reflect in any way upon the excellence of the forthcoming edition of the Encyclopædia. The prospectus claims that it is far and away superior to any that has preceded it, and we are not concerned to deny it. It seems quite obvious from what is stated in the prospectus that the high claims put forward for the new edition are justified. But assuming this, it in no way excuses the deceit which appears to have been practised upon the public for the purpose of selling the book.

We invite the answer of the Syndics.

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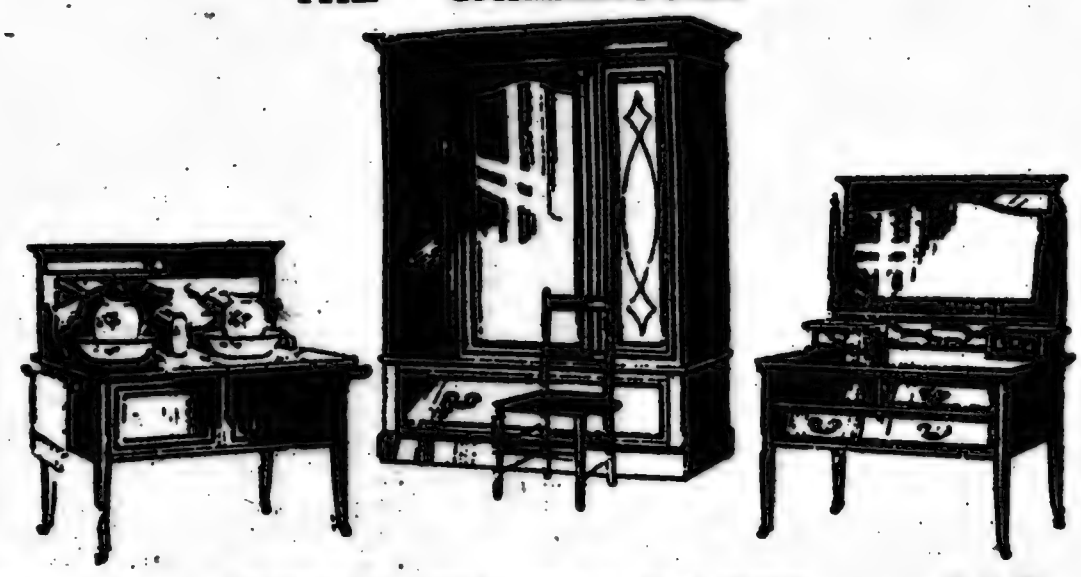

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THE TRUTH ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA.

BOER TYRANNY—BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE UITLANDER—BOER LEADERS' REAL AIM.

By B. Simmons, Jnr.

Something like a conspiracy of silence appears to prevail in official circles in this country as to the real truth about the situation in South Africa. The general public, remembering the speeches which were made upon the granting of the South African Constitution, are contented in the belief that all is well in that country, and the Liberals in particular have not forgotten to impress upon the nation the fact that, owing to their wise statesmanship, a land which was, only a few years ago, drenched with blood, is now a scene of prosperity and happiness.

Travellers and others who know South Africa as it is, wonder that the pub ic are content to believe so palpable a fairy tale. The British nation is expected to swallow the statement that the entire Boer nation, with its record of continuous anti-British feeling, has, in a year or two, completely changed, and that the Boers and their leaders are now waving Union Jacks and singing patriotic songs as proud citizens of the British Empire. What are really the facts? It is only fair that the great mass of the British public should know them as they are, divested of the Governmental rose-coloured spectacles.

The real situation in South Africa is, in fact, a grave one. The Constitution has really given back to the Boers all they fought for during the late war, and by the force of numbers they have become politically supreme. They rule, and they know it; and the old days of the Uitlander are hurrying back at ever-increasing speed. The Boers have lost no time in recommencing their old tyranny and demonstrating to England their continued and persistent hatred of that country. Take the case of the "Compulsory Dutch" question. This is practically a Boer ultimatum on an important subject. The Boers demand that every lesson in the schools shall be taught in Dutch as well as English. The idea of this is to secure the expulsion from the schools of all British teachers who are unable to speak Dutch—their place to be taken by Boers who will not only teach the children Dutch but instil into them from their earliest ages that hatred of England which is a Boer doctrine.

In other official positions Englishmen have been dismissed and their places given to Boers, but it is all being done in a very quiet manner, and has not attracted much attention. The Boers and their leaders are quietly laughing at the astute manner in which they believe they have fooled the British.

Now, as to the attitude of the Boers as a nation and of their leaders towards Great Britain. The town Boer is hard to draw, but the country Boer has no such reserve. He expresses his hatred of the "mad rooineks" and his belief that the present condition of things is only temporary, and that in a third Boer war the British will be driven into the sea. He is waiting for the time when Great Britain shal. be tied up in a Continental War or colonial crisis before making his move. Coming to the Boer leaders, we find that they are now playing the game of making loyal speeches and protestations, but we must remember that natures do not change, and the real aim of these leaders is easily shown if we look at speeches made by them, not during the war at a time of excitement, but after the declaration of peace. Speaking in 1903, General De Wet, the famous Boer leader, said, "He was aske on the Continent whether the Boers might recover their country. He had replied 'Yes.' The Boers would behave so nicely that in the end the British will say, 'You are a good and brave people; take your country back.'"

Speaking at Heidelberg in July, 1903, General Botha said that "the British Government have broken their promises and the land belongs to the Boers." In February, 1905, at a Boer meeting, General Beyers, after denouncing the British Government, said that "if the temper of the Boers was strained too far there would be another Boer War."

Now these very same men are protesting loyalty and patriotism. Are we to—can we in human nature—believe that they have suddenly changed their opinions? Or is it all part of a great game of bluff? In any case, the British public have the right to know the truth about the very mysterious and threatening situation at present facing South Africa.

THE *WELSH* SUNDAY.

By "Cardiffian."

John Bull has recently published descriptions of the Scotch and Irish Sundays. For some months past I have been a resident in the metropolis of the Principality—Cardiff, to wit. Business occupies me six days a week; on the seventh I sleep.

Sunday after Sunday I was bored to death, and one afternoon, while meditating on the ever-recurring problem what to do with my hard-earned day of liberty, Morpheus solved it for me.

The very first thing to strike the visitor is the difficulty in securing a Sunday newspaper. No respectable newsagent would think of delivering on Sunday morning. In my verdant innocence I once had the temerity to ask my landlady to order my favourite. Disgust and pity were never so finely portrayed in physiognomy. "Newspaper, indeed! And what is your Bible for?" I felt guilty of some heinous crime, and quite made up my mind that I should be politely shown the door at the end of the week. But the good dame did not despise Mammon.

Now there are one or two very nice parks in the town, but although Orpheus charms the ear on early closing day, the pious members of the Corporation would sooner puncture the ear-drum of every music-loving citizen than countenance such appalling wickedness on the Sabbath. Yet, such is the perversity of human nature I verily believe a skilful performer on a tin whistle could command an appreciative audience from the deserted bandstand.

Cardiff can boast of two lines of pleasure steamers, and some really fine trips can be had on week-days, but they rest on the seventh day. Everything rests on Sundays, with the exception of the parsons; they do that very well all the week. I marvel that some of the snug Cardiff Sabbatarian shipowners do not order their vessels to drop anchor at sea at twelve o'clock on Saturday night; it would certainly be consistent, if idiotic. And, besides, if they showed such self-sacrifice on behalf of their men, perhaps the underwriters would reduce their premiums, which, we learn in a recent shipping case, are the highest in the country.

Undoubtedly, the most ludicrous of all is the workers' evasion of the Sunday Closing Act. A four-mile walk and you are in Monmouthshire, which is England as far as Parliamentary measures are concerned. The highway at six o'clock in the evening is crowded with pilgrims, and their Mecca is a little village on the border.

I once peeped into the principal hostelry. Words fail to describe the scene, and perhaps only a Zola could give an adequate idea. A race-course bar would not compare with it. Pandemonium reigned supreme. How the barmen and barmaids cope with their almost superhuman task of satiating the thirst of Cardiff's parched inhabitants, is a thing to see and wonder at.

At the rear is a large garden. Seats and tables run all the way round. When I looked in I should think two hundred or so men and women were huddled together like the proverbial sardines in a tin. A vacant seat was a *rara avis*, and many made themselves perfectly comfortable on nature's carpet, which was worn threadbare through much trampling on.

So, not being theologically inclined, I sleep too—at home in the armchair with a whisky-and-soda at my side. Delightful recreation after six days' labour!

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OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To Sir Hiram Maxim.

Dear Hiram,—I have not always seen eye to eye with you. But I must congratulate you upon your call for an anti-Missionary Society. My own experience bears out all you say about the utter futility of missions everywhere, and more particularly in China. The heathen Chinee is quite content with his heathenism, and whenever he pretends to accept Christianity, he only does it on a cash basis. It was perhaps not very polite of you to assert that "missionaries are, and always have been, the greatest liars on the face of the earth." I believe that they are very often actuated by the purest motives and contrive to persuade themselves of the truth of the most incredible statements, but I cannot altogether acquit them of terminological inexactitude—especially when it comes to writing their annual reports. John Bull.

To the Rev. Noel Hawdon, Curate of St. Luke's, York.

Sir,—I am afraid you have an unhappy knack of jumping to conclusions. It appears that you were careless enough to drop half-a-crown under an archway where some boys were playing. You hunted for it in vain and then walked off. Presently the boys found it and ran after you to restore it. Most of us would have thought this an occasion for a reward—at any rate, for a compliment, or an expression of thanks. Not so you. Growing very angry at the sight of your money, you accused them of attempting to steal it. As you are a curate, I can only suppose that you consider yourself an authority on morals and manners, but you have scarcely established a reputation for logic. If the boys wanted to steal your half-crown, why did they run after you with it instead of taking it round to the nearest pastry-cook's? But I have not done with you yet. Not content with your ungracious attitude, your horrid suspicions and your rude language, you gave them the alternative of submitting to a thrashing or being charged at the police station with theft. Conscious of their innocence, but probably dreading a scandal, they were foolish enough to prefer the thrashing. So you took them home and beat them with abominable ferocity, inflicting terrible weals, and belabouring them until their screams could be heard all over your house. You are certainly very lucky to get off with a small fine, and I hope that the case will not stop here. If there is to be such a thing as discipline for the clergy, you must be brought before an episcopal court. A man of your violent temper and obvious lack of judgment cannot continue to be entrusted with the cure of souls. John Bull

To P.C. William Wellburn, Police Force, Scarborough.

Dear Bill,—I perceive that you have been making a name for yourself. I understand you tracked a man from farm to farm and village to village, up hill and down dale, for thirty miles, took two days and nights over it, eventually arrested him, gently broke the news to him that he would be charged with stealing a fowl from a hen run, took him back to Scarborough, and got him fined 7s. or 14 days. No wonder the Mayor warmly complimented you, Lor' bless him. There is a great future behind you. John Bull.

To the Chairman, Hanwell Urban District Council.

Sir,—One of my correspondents at Hanwell—he is not yet in the asylum—informs me that while a little boy was flying a kite in Elthorne Park on a recent Sunday, he was caught red-handed by an official and stopped in his wild career, according to the regulations of yourself and your distinguished colleagues. Suppose you have been overwhelmed with congratulations. The small boy is a terrible moral and social problem nowadays, isn't he?—passing in swift descent from evil to evil. I can imagine that if, in your regard for the future of the rising generation, your Council had not strictly prohibited that boy from flying his kite, one of these sad and sinful Sundays he would have been discovered sailing his boat, or spinning his top! Nothing like nipping sin in the bud. Whilst the morals of the country are in the hands of men like you, we need fear no German invasion. John Bull.

To Timothy Healy, Esq., K.C., M.P.

Dear Tim,—I was just able to understand, or at least explain, your acceptance of Irish "silk." But that so uncompromising an antagonist of everything English should wish to be an English K.C., is a remarkable instance of a patriot subordinating his patriotism to his sense of duty. But what will the Molly Maguires and the Irish-American Invincibles say to your new livery? John Bull.

To Police-Superintendent Pringle, Wallsend.

Dear Superintendent,—I much admire the way in which you have played the good Samaritan to a man charged at the local Police Court with stealing. It was probably entirely owing to your practical interest and sympathy that the accused was bound over instead of being sent to gaol. I wish all police officers had something of your mind and heart. You took every pains to discover the man's record, and stated it in Court as you knew it. You went to his home and found nothing in it except an old desk bed. You learned that he had been living a sober, honest, and industrious life till he fell out of work; that his wife was an invalid; and that six children were dependent on him, one of them in consumption. You also set yourself the task of finding the man work, and succeeded. This, therefore, is to say that I thank you, Superintendent Pringle, for the Christian thing that you have done. It shows the police officer at his best, and sets a fine example to British policemen everywhere.

John Bull.

To the Rev. M. Harvey, United Methodist Church, Victoria Road, Camelford.

Dear Brother,—I fear you rather startled the congregation by your sermon on the Parable of the Sower, at the Harvest Festival the other Sunday. You are a young minister, only recently appointed to Camelford, and if you go telling your people such things, you will probably soon find you are sowing the good seed on stony ground. A man in your business may make the truth as candied as he pleases, and everybody in the congregation will be joyful because he gets a bit; but immediately he misplaces his enthusiasm and starts telling the candid truth, then he is pretty certain to run up against the deacon who takes the collection and pays the salary.

"I don't care a snap of the finger about making men United Methodists," you said. "You have been holding missions for a hundred years, and your missions have damned more men than they have saved," said you. "Science will smash all your creeds if you don't look out," was another of your startlers. If I were to say things like this, I should have all the United and dis-United Methodists after my hair. Maybe they will let you off this time, because you are only a junior minister, but take my advice and pull up while there is yet time, or assuredly there won't be enough of you left, after the United Methodists have done with you, to go round a love feast. I am telling you this because I am inclined to like you. John Bull.

To Dr. Whiteside, Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool.

Right Rev. Sir,—I cannot pass without protest the utterances attributed to you in your visiting charge at St. Peter's, Lancaster. First of all, it is reported that you "declaimed against marriages of Catholics with non-Catholics in Protestant churches or before registrars, declaring that such marriages, hitherto a scandal and disgrace, were now decreed by the Holy See to be no marriages at all." Secondly, that you stated "mixing with those not of the House of Faith in business weakened the faith of Catholics," and that you urged them to be "bigoted though not in the ordinary sense of unreasonableness, against Protestants."

I should have thought that, apart from all other considerations, your lordship would have hesitated to insult and outrage the consciences of your Protestant fellow citizens at a time when the people of Lancaster were contemplating the election of a Roman Catholic to its highest civic office. The people of this free country give hospitality and shelter to your fellow religionists when other countries turn against them. Their Parliament and their King have shown their tolerance for a Church not theirs by changing every expression in the Accession Oath calculated to wound or distress Roman Catholics. It is reserved to you, my Lord Bishop, to dissemble every feeling of gratitude and every instinct of Christian brotherhood. There is no religion or pretence of religion which can excuse or extenuate bigotry so flagrant and vilification so contemptible. It does not surprise me that townsmen of Lancaster have hotly protested against it, and it amazes me that no Roman Catholic citizen of prominence has had the courage publicly to rebuke you. You, who deliberately endeavour to stir up the strife of creeds, ponder well the cost if battle again comes. The embers of the old fires are dead upon the ground. Rekindle them, and who shall quench the flames? Think, my Lord Bishop; think again and again; think and be wise. John Bull.

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By Verax.

Advance in West Africans, Diamonds, and Home Rails—A Kaffir Incident—Consols New Low Record—Improved Money Position.

Now that the first of November Stock Exchange holiday has been surmounted, a revival in the markets ought not to be far off. The money position has greatly improved, as another million of gold is about to be shipped to London from Brazil, in addition to the first consignment which is now about due. The Bank of England is, moreover, now getting the bulk of the South African gold, and the rise in the Egyptian exchange points to the cessation of the drain of gold to that country. There may be an Indian demand yet, but it is not immediate, and well informed authorities expect that, on balance, some four millions of gold will flow into the Bank in the near future, bringing up the reserve again to twenty-six millions, and thus enabling that institution to meet the Home demands. The fall of *Consols* to another low record, viz., 78¾, was an unpleasant feature, although there has since been a small recovery. The growing competition of other Trustee securities is perhaps chiefly responsible for the weakness, nor is the political situation in this country likely to improve the National credit. A sharp spasm in *Kaffirs* was a disgreeable feature, but there were also favourable developments in a general advance in *West African Mines* and *Diamond* shares, the strength of *Canadian Pacifics*, *Home Rails*, *Copper* and *Copper Mines* *Mexican Rails* was well maintained. The *Yankee Market*, too, has been remarkably well supported, although there have been occasional reactions. In fact the outlook is promising, and investors should feel encouraged to place their money into stocks while still at the present moderate level.

Home Rails and their Yields—A Chance for Investors

I have repeatedly drawn attention to the low prices at which Home Railway Stocks are at present quoted, and this notwithstanding the excellent traffic returns, which testify to a great revival in our industries. The advance in the Bank Rate temporarily caused a small setback, which is now being recovered again, and I am still of opinion that, if bought at the present level, they will show large profits to holders, not only in an excellent yield, but also in an increase in capital value. The following is a table showing the highest and lowest in 1909-10, and also the dividends for the twelve months ended June 30th, 1910, but in view of the traffic increases now being reported, it is evident that the dividends for the whole year of 1910 will show a considerable improvement on 1909, so that the yield will be better than that of the table:—

	Dividend, 1909-1910.	Highest. 1909-1910.	Lowest. 1909-1910.	Price, Oct. 31.	Yield p.c. per ann. £ s. d.
Central London	3	73	62½	64	4 13 9
Great Central 1881 Pref.	5	69	49	105	4 15 3
Great Eastern	2½	69½	59½	68	4 4 0
Great Northern Def.	2½ (a)	48½	40½	40½	3 12 0
Hull and Barnsley	3½	70	53½	68½	5 5 5
Lancashire and Yorkshire	4	92½	86½	89½	4 9 3
L. and S. W. Ord.	6	142½	131	140	4 5 9
Brighton Ord.	5½	112½	104	111	4 15 9
London, Til. and Southend	6½	122½	110½	125	4 18 9
Metropolitan	1¾	45½	37½	39	3 4 0
Midland Def.	3	62½	56½	63½	4 14 9
North Eastern	6	136	127	129½	4 12 6
Rhymney Ord.	9¼	209	193½	208	4 11 3
South Eastern Ord.	3	77½	65	76	3 17 0
North Western	6½	138	130	135½	4 12 0
Great Western	5½	127½	118	123½	4 9 6

(a) for 1909.

I may mention that traffics for the week ended October 23rd, of fifty-one railways in the United Kingdom, amounted to £2,146,166, against £2,103,305 for the corresponding week of 1909, an increase of £42,861, the improvement being chiefly in goods. For the past sixteen weeks of the current half-year the increase is as much as £1,045,508, a very handsome figure, which warrants, provided there is a continuance, improvements of about ¼ per cent. in the dividends, and in some instances more, as great efforts are being made to reduce expenses. Quite a different spirit has come over the railway industry, and while formerly traffic increases were lost again by higher charges, everything is being done to reduce them. The fact that leading railways are co-operating with each other in achieving such a result is, of course, helpful, and this applies more especially to the Midland and the North Western, which are working together; the Great Western and South Western, which have a working agreement, and the Great Central, Great Northern, and Great Eastern, which are also co-operating and are dubbed "The Triple Alliance." It will be seen from the above table that yields of from 4½ to 4¾ per cent. can easily be obtained in high-class stocks, and, as already stated, the yield will probably be increased by higher dividends. There is an arrangement, too, now between the Brighton and South Eastern companies, which will co-operate to obtain a lower working cost. Some of the best purchases are, in my opinion, Great Western, South Western, Great Northern Deferred, and Great Central 1881 Preference, while the Junior Preferences of the Great Central are highly promising—such as the 1889 Preference at 83, and the 1891 at 66, as sooner or later these will come to their own again. Midlands would benefit specially if the proposal to issue "Bearer" shares were carried out, as they would then come into demand for the Continent.

Victoria Picture Theatres.

The Victoria Picture Theatres, Limited, are building a very fine picture theatre on a magnificent site at Ardwick Green, Manchester, which will be the finest picture theatre in the provinces. This will cause these shares to rank amongst the premier securities of their description.

The Advance in the Jungle.

Did I not tell you to "ask the Little Napoleon of Finance" when the real rise in West Africans would come?—and here we have the advance taking shape, while the "Little Napoleon" is now on his way to London, and no doubt is giving his attention to affairs West African again. I was in good time, therefore, last week in giving an exhaustive table of shares suitable for a flutter, and anyone looking at the quotations will see that almost all the shares mentioned have advanced, more especially *Gold Coast Amalgamated*, which have risen from 2⅞ to 3⅛, and *Fanti Consols* from 19s. 6d. to 20s. 6d. These are shares specifically controlled by the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa. Then again, we have a rise of 9d. in *Abbontiakoon*; of 1s. in *Bibiani*, etc. Prices had fallen to so low a point, and the depression has lasted so long in the Jungle market, that many holders have parted with their shares from sheer impatience, and these have undoubtedly been picked up by some of the big houses. Now that the demand has come, there is practically no stock about, and I anticipate further jumps all round, but great care should be taken not to be tempted into some of the obscure concerns. I should not, for instance, care to go into *Ambrosia*, or *London, Dublin, Paris, and Gold Coast Syndicate*.

A company that is likely to be well to the front in the revival is *Rhodesia and Ashanti*, which holds a working option over the Dadioso concession in the Upper Wassau. In that property a quartz reef, 11 ft. wide, panning where cut, an ounce to the ton, was announced by cable last week. This important development, coupled with the fact that the property is on the same line of reef as the Gold Coast Explorers' Twoofoo Concession that is proving to be so rich, should mean much higher prices for *Rhodesia and Ashanti* 10s. shares, which now stand at 5s. 9d. to 6s. Other favourite counters which should be picked up at the present prices are *Gold Coast Explorers* and *North Tarkwa Syndicate*, owing to their large banket holdings and low capitalisation. Both are controlled by practical men, with many years' experience of West African Mining, and the general meeting of the *Gold Coast Explorers* to be held before the end of the year will give an opportunity for stating the remarkable results achieved in the company's first year of operations.

Kaffirs—A Bolt from the Blue—Rhodesians Fluctuate.

A firm tone in Kaffir shares was followed on Friday evening by a sudden selling fit, which affected in the first instance *East Rand Proprietary*, and then also caused other shares to weaken. The sales of *East Rands*, which knocked down the price ½, to 5, were accompanied by rumours that some very disappointing development in some of that company's mines had occurred, while there was also a choice of reports as to difficulties in Johannesburg, Paris and here. All these rumours have now been contradicted, and it is evident this was a carefully devised "Bear" attack. A recovery is is now in progress.

Rhodesia Exploration have also declined to 3 1-16, but whether this was on the weakness in Kaffirs or on the new issue of shares, or perhaps on the cables reporting unfavourable developments in the *Bucks Reef* property, I will not undertake to say. The last-named shares have suffered a heavy fall to 2, and *Shamva Mines*, with regard to the high price of which I made some remarks last week, dropped sharply to 4 11-16. But, as regards Rhodesian mines generally, I maintain the view that they will be one of the markets of the near future. In the meantime, there is good news from the *Hay Mines*, which have advanced to 1¼ on the *African World* cable from Buluwayo of exceptionally rich developments, and on an important deal concluded in London with a powerful financial group hitherto not interested in Rhodesia.

West Australian Rich Gold Find—Mexicans Active.

Quite a sensation has been created in Western Australia—so far but faintly reflected here—by the remarkable develop-

ments in the rich *Bullfinch* gold mine discovered 23 miles from Southern Cross in the Yilgarn goldfield. I gather from the *Western Mail*, of Perth, W.A., that 63 tons were treated, yielding 6 ozs. to the ton, and that the ore now being developed will well maintain this grade. The surrounding country is, of course, also being pegged out. The Bullfinch Mine, according to the Australian papers, is partly owned by Mr. D. L. Doolette, who is, I believe, a son of Mr. G. P. Doolette, the chairman of the Great Boulder and other mines, and who no doubt is also largely interested. This discovery, if of a permanent character, would probably bring the West Australian market into prominence again. Every assistance is certainly being given to the mining industry by the Government of the State, and I am glad to see that the new Premier, Mr. Frank Wilson, is following in the steps of Sir Newton Moore (who but recently won golden opinions on his visit here), who, unfortunately, had to resign from ill-health, but who, it is hoped, will recover sufficiently to take up the position of Agent-General in London. Mexican gold mines have been active, but not pleasantly so in the case of *Esperanza*, to the poor monthly return of which I referred last week. They dropped at one time to 1 9-16 on the failure of a firm of brokers who were the market in the shares, of which they held 32,000, and who hammered themselves. The shares have now recovered to 2. But they came down from 2¼. Who, then, had the early information on which the large sales were effected? *El Oro* have improved to 26s. 9d., and *Carmen El Oro* to 1 11-16, on another cable foreshadowing the early striking of the lode.

McKINLEY, ALEXANDER AND SONS' AFFAIRS.

I have had several enquiries from persons who are interested in the settlement of the affairs of McKinley, Alexander and Sons, which were on August 26th last placed in the hands of Mr. C. W. Silversides, of Terminus Chambers, 6, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. The result of enquiries addressed to that gentleman is not satisfactory, as the only statement he volunteers is that he cannot give any information, and that the work of putting the books in order, etc., will necessarily take some considerable time. I think by this time Mr. Silversides must have ascertained whether there is any money to be realised out of the business and how much the creditors of the firm may expect, and if he will send me this information I shall be pleased to publish it.

OTTO'S KOPJE REDIVIVUS.

North Kimberley Diamonds are nothing more or less than the old *Otto's Kopje*, which has done more in the market than in the mine. I wonder whether the concern will achieve salvation under the new title!

THE NEW CHILLAGOE FLOTATION.

Chillagoe shares have been bought to a considerable extent on the favourable advices from the property and on the new Subsidiary mentioned last week. I understand that this is now ready for issue and that the purchase consideration will be £30,000 in cash and £50,000 in shares, to go to the Chillagoe as vendors. The demand for Chillagoes on this side has been so great that but few will soon be left in Australia, and certain firms who are large "Bears" of the shares here may find themselves in a tight corner. I remember the time when the old Etheridge Goldfield was being extolled to the skies in the Press, but although the gold was there, the ore was refractory. Now the problem has been solved by the Chillagoe smelters, which are treating the ore most successfully, and the four Etheridge mines to be acquired by the new company should prove very valuable.

RUBBER AND OIL SHARES STILL MARKING TIME.

This has been another disappointing week in the Rubber Share market, operators paying more attention to the fluctuations in prices of rubber than to the very remunerative prices which continue to be obtained by the Plantation Companies in the East. The account in Rubber shares has, however, now assumed more normal dimensions, and quiet buying on reactions is going on, so that the turn, when it does come, is likely to be sharp and important. Among the leading Malayan shares, *Linggis*, *Vallambrosas* and *Anglo-Malays* have continued to lead the fluctuations, present prices being 44s., 40s. and 24s. respectively. Fine hard Para Rubber now stands at 5s. 10d., but Plantation is, comparatively, in better request, and smoked sheets have been all along in demand at 6s. *David Young* shares, by the way, should be picked up at anything under 2s. 9d., as, on the announcement of the first shipment, a sharp rise may be expected.

The Oil War is still raging, and *Shell Transports* are quoted round about 81s., while the *Scotch shares* are showing pronounced weakness. The news from the Maikop Oilfield is satisfactory, and the *London and Maikop Corporation* now seems to be on the point of striking oil. *Franklin* Oil shares at ⅞ are in good demand, while *Spies* and *Maikop Spies* are firm, the latter on rumoured new discoveries. *Mexican Eagle* Oil shares are firm, and *General Oil and Finance* at par. Sooner or later, no doubt, an important recovery will set in, and it may be that it will come like a thief in the night.

RELIGION AND FINANCE.

With reference to the paragraph which appeared in "JOHN BULL" of October 15th, under the heading "Mission and Finance," I have received a letter from the Rev. W. C. Minifie, who complains that the statement made is incorrect, and that anyone who attended his "travel talks" at the Court Café, Finsbury Pavement, delivered to a few specially invited guests and not to the general public, would have told me that he had not given any missionary lecture at all, and that he had not referred to the Cuba Christian Mission, nor had he mixed up religion and finance, though even if he had done so he was not sure that either side would have suffered much harm. Mr. Minifie then propounds the astounding theorem that we need more business in religion and more religion in business. I have already expressed the decided opinion that missionary work should not be mixed up with business; and I say even more emphaticaly that business should not be mixed up with religion. Mr. Minifie, proceeds to state that if any Cuba Christian Mission notepaper had been inadvertently used for business (viz., the placing of shares of the Buena Vista Fruit Company amongst English investors) by his secretary or himself, he is sorry, as the two are quite distinct. I have, however, the letter before me which Mr. Minifie wrote on notepaper headed by the Cuba Christian Mission. Mr. Minifie is also good enough to say that if I desire information concerning the standing of the Buena Vista Fruit Company he will be pleased to see me at his office, where all particulars can be obtained. I really cannot find the time to travel down to East Finchley to obtain such particulars, and I may point out that I stated distinctly the omissions which ought to be supplied before I could advise British investors to put any money in these shares. As to "false statements" which Mr. Minifie wishes me to correct, I am not aware of any, except that apparently Mr. Minifie is not a Missionary, but a Baptist minister, who has recently been spending a holiday in America, preaching and lecturing, and received the call to a Baptist Church in Boston at one time. That, of course, is quite an honourable position, but I must express all the more regret that the Rev. W. C. Minifie should mix up business with religion.

THE ERA OF THE HALF-CROWN SHARE.

This is the era of the Half Crown share and it has extended to newspaper properties, it having dawned upon proprietors that by spreading a proprietary interest in their publications over an immense area amongst their readers, they automatically create a vast army of voluntary canvassers and active partners.

Mrs. Bull is the latest to adopt the plan, and it is open to any reader of this journal, who may not already have applied for some of the shares, to do so within the next few days. As in the case of JOHN BULL, they are called Readers' shares and they take a preferential dividend of six per cent. before the ordinary shares receive anything. In addition to this, they have the right to exchange their holdings into ordinary shares at any time if they wish to do so. They thus secure a certain dividend with the prospect of an indefinite expansion in capital value. From all I know of the success and prospects of the new journal, I can confidently recommend my readers to apply for some of these shares.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—ENGINEER (Finchley).—I have no partiality for this kind of concern, and advise you to deal only with the leading societies, which will doubtless be prepared to offer you quite as good terms, with unimpeachable security.

INVESTMENT SOCIETIES.—HOPEFUL (Westminster).—From experiences related to me by some of my readers, I strongly advise you to put your money into the P.O. Savings Bank, or into sound securities.

CANADIAN CONCERN.—VANGUARD.—(1) The Company is not known in London. (2) I believe so, but always advise dealing with the leading institutions only.

PREMIUM BONDS.—AJAX.—You say that you purchased a number of Premium Bonds from a firm some years ago at £35 10s., and that now, when you want to sell, they offer you £23 8s. I am not at all surprised at this, as the firm in question has repeatedly charged more than market price. You had better mention the matter now to the respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, whose address I am sending you.—SECTOR (St. Helens).—(1) I have sent you the name of a respectable firm. (2) On no account have anything to do with the people mentioned by you.—SALTSCAR.—I do not know the Mutual Finance and Investment Company, or ...3, Holborn Bars, London, but I have no doubt that they will pay you for the Bond which they have sold for you; at all events, there is no difficulty in selling an Ottoman Bond. You should not, of course, send any certificates to firms you do not know, except against payment. —E. A. E.—The firm whose name I am sending you will undertake to keep you informed about drawings, etc., against a small charge, and they are quite trustworthy.—A. F. (Devonport).—You bought this bond from a foreign company, which is known to have charged much above market price. THREE STARS.—(1) I do not advise dealings with this firm. (2 and 3) Your best plan would be to consult a firm of foreign bankers in London.

JICARO GOLD ESTATES.—PRUDENCE.—I have specially inquired into the merits of these mines, and from the reports of the mining engineer, which have been confirmed from other sources, I consider these very promising, and with good management likely to earn good profits.

A STOCK TO RISE QUICKLY.—A. K. (Derby).—I really cannot name stocks which will rise at once, but I should think that the Chillagoe Mine, now quoted 6s. 9d. to 7s., is one of the most likely.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—C. H. (Portslade-by-Sea).—You will have seen in last week's issue the remarks concerning the Charing Cross Bank collapse. I am sorry you have a deposit of £100, and there is nothing to be done but place yourself in communication with the Depositors' Protection Committee, Gresham Buildings 2, Basinghall Street, E.C.

BANKS AND INVESTMENT.—ZOUAVE.—(1) I know nothing against this institution, which is old-established. (2) It is quite impossible to say that such things are altogether safe, and I do not advise the insuring system. (3) I think you had much better invest the money in sound securities. You can get in excellent Home Railway Securities 4 to 4½ per cent. per annum, and the stocks are at present very cheap. See the table in to-day's article. THRIFT.—There seems no risk of anything happening to this bank, but do not put all your eggs into one basket.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.—ACTON GREEN.—I am not at all sure that it is wise to go much into Building Societies now, in view of the land taxes, and while I know nothing against the Company, I strongly advise instead investing your money in sound securities. You can get 3½ per cent. in high-class Colonial Government Stocks, and 4 to 4½ per cent. in thoroughly sound Home Railway Stocks.

ST. CECILE MUNICIPAL CASINO.—G. N. S. S.—I do not recommend the investment, and have repeatedly said so. It is highly speculative.

CALL OPTION IN BRIGHTON "A."—J. S.—You should have paid the option money on receipt of the contract, and that is the only reason they can advance for not paying you the profits. As you bought at 90½, and the option expired on the 21st October, when the price was 94, the profit was 3½, less option money £2. 1s. You were quite correct in giving notice to sell on October 19th, and the excuse made that the transaction automatically lapsed would not hold, but then you did not send the option money.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—EXCELSIOR.—This depends upon whether you have an arrangement with these Outside Brokers, according to which you will be credited with the dividend or not. If this is not expressly stated, I suppose they would consider it a loophole. J. U. G. (Dublin).—(1). Your experience is the usual one when dealing with outsiders of this class. Neither you nor they can recover in the Courts, as the transactions come under the Gaming Act. In future do not deal with such people. (2). Hold, but do not average until the Oil market takes a turn for the better. (3). Highly speculative, and you should not load yourself up too much with them. NEMO.—(1). You are right in your view. (2). Have nothing to do with them, or you will rue it. (3). What you require has been forwarded. EDINBURGH.—I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with it. It is an unreliable Bucket-shop. READER OF "J. B."—You have done quite right in not sending money to this Bucket-shop. W. E. H.—See reply to "J. S.," but in your case you had a *free* call option in Brighton "A," and the profit is, therefore, due to you. The talk about the option having automatically lapsed is absurd.

COMBINE SPEC.—I do not like the Stock Combines of the United Stock and Share Corporation, of 3, Budge Row, Cannon Street, and, of course, their promises must be taken with a large pinch of salt. CORK.—I do not recommend dealing with any of the three firms. It is obviously risky speculation, and the people are not philanthropists. If you have a moderate amount of money available, you should invest it in securities likely to improve, through a member of the Stock Exchange. N.B.—You can as obviously lose money in American Rails as make it, and in fact the former is more likely. I cannot recommend such speculation through either No. 1 or 2. These are, of course, outside dealers. BIVALVE.—I do not recommend the connection. WUNLUNG.—You will find a paragraph in to-day's issue calling attention to the matter, and this will no doubt draw the information you and others require. DEVONSHIRE FARMER.—(1) and (2). I do not think, in your position, you ought to go in for speculations. They are very risky. (3). There is no choice between the two. (4). Better not. (5). For the investment of £20 to £30, the best selection for you would be sound Home Railway securities, in which you can get from 4 to 4½ per cent.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT LIQUIDATION LOTTERY.—MERRIMAKE.—The Lottery is genuine enough, but you must be aware that Lotteries are illegal in this country, and I cannot, therefore, assist you in the matter.

OUTSIDE BROKERS AND BUILDING SOCIETIES.—WAR.—(1). An outside broker even if he offers options on Brighton "A" *free*, is not a philanthropist. (2) If you want to make an investment, rather than put it in this Building Society, you should buy sound Home Rails, which would yield you 4 to 4½ per cent. (3) What you require has been forwarded, but I do not recommend options.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.—CO-OPERATOR.—The balance sheet of this Building Society seems to show a satisfactory position, but the new land legislation is not in favour of such concerns, and I should prefer advising investment of the money in sound securities, yielding from 4 to 4½ per cent.

GALVEZ RUBBER ESTATES.—W. M.—Your broker must be very incompetent if he cannot find this Company. Why does he not consult the usual books of reference? He will find full particulars in "The Guide to the Rubber and Tea Share Markets," published by Straker Brothers, Limited; or in the "Financier" Rubber Share Handbook. The directors' report for the year ended March 31st, 1910, has not yet been published, but may be expected this month. An interim dividend of 3 per cent. actual was paid in March, 1910. The office is located at 5, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

INDUSTRIALS.—ALICE N.—(1). I do not care much for these shares, and you can do better elsewhere. You will also find it to your advantage to deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. (2). I do not think you can avoid payment of calls, and be careful about signing such agreements, or you might let yourself in for an unknown liability for law costs. SANTO (Buxton).—(1). The concern mentioned is suffering from the increased keenness of competition, and you should take an early opportunity to realise. (2). As you have such a partiality for them, the shares mentioned would probably be suitable. You can, however, obtain quicker returns in mines, such as Rhodesians and Kaffirs; for hints see my articles. (3) Very doubtful.

MEXICAN MINE.—ESMERALDA.—I am afraid your misgivings are justified; the concern has not even attained the dignity of a reference in the usual books.

RELIANCE TAXI-CAB.—A. L. S.—It is in the hands of the Official Receiver in Companies' Liquidation, 33, Carey Street, W.C., and you should apply to him for information as to the present position of affairs.

FOUR INVESTMENTS.—INKPEN.—None of the securities mentioned is what is known as "gilt-edged." No. 1 is a good second-class investment, as is No. 4. Nos. 2 and 3 are more speculative; when you see a profit you might as well take it, and reinvest in leading Colonial Government Bonds, which are the best-yielding of the high-class category.

SIX-YEAR-OLD BOND.—SUNLIGHT.—Safe enough, but they are generally a disappointment, and it takes much longer to benefit by them than is foreshadowed.

BUENA VISTA FRUIT COMPANY.—VIT.—A paragraph appeared on this company on October 15th, and another will be found in to-day's issue.

BANK DEPOSITS AND INVESTMENTS.—Mrs. K.—You should do what you propose, and invest in Colonial Government Stock, say 3½ per cent. West Australian or New Zealand, to yield you from 3½ to 3¾ per cent. C. M. C.—There is nothing in the advertisements of an advance in the interest on deposits. This is done by the great joint stock banks, merely because the Bank Rate has been advanced to 5 per cent., and they automatically follow by putting up their rates for deposit to 3½ per cent. I do not attach any importance to the paragraph in the paper forwarded, but you can get now 3½ per cent. on deposits with Lloyd's Bank, London County and Westminster, and London and South Western. But why put money on deposit when you can get 4 to 4½ per cent. in sound Home Railway Stocks, which are, moreover, very cheap just now?

SAVINGS BANK.—A. R. R.—A similar arrangement exists in the case of most such banks, but this does not by any means imply that they are guaranteed by Government. If you take my advice, you will keep your money in the P.O., and you will then be absolutely safe.

HOME RAILS.—A. R. (Mile End).—You will do very well going into Home Railway stock, and you will find in to-day's issue a table giving the yield of the stocks, from which you can make your selection. It would be best to invest in stocks in the big lines, such as Great Western, etc.

INTERMEDIARY.—W. P. C.—It is, as you suggest, a glorified bucket-shop, and they are not bankers. Have nothing to do with them.

ESMEQUIBO RUBBER AND TOBACCO ESTATES.—C. T. (Herts).—I propose to enquire into this matter and write to you.

STOCKBROKER, MEMBER OF THE HOUSE.—A REGULAR READER.—The firm mentioned is a highly respectable one, and safe for almost any amount. The partners are members of the Stock Exchange, but I do not know what you mean by mentioning another name before.

VARIOUS.—COLES.—(1) Yes, a good company, but while the Debentures are quoted at 90 and the Preference shares at 31, there is no market for the latter. Consequently, a sale would be a matter of negotiation. Home Railway stocks are certainly the things of the moment for investors, and Brighton Preferred, Midland Preferred, and Great Central 1889 Preference should suit you. (2) These Industrial Prefs. are quoted at 1½, and there is little prospect of any further appreciation in capital value. You might, therefore, take an opportunity to sell.

INVESTMENT.—CAVY.—I prefer investment in sound securities, which, owing to various circumstances, are now obtainable at a very low level. You can get the best class of gilt-edged stocks to yield up to about 3½ per cent. per annum.

BENEFIT CONCERN.—CAUTIOUS TYKE.—I have reason not to care for this kind of institution, and advise you to follow the course mapped out to "Cavy" above.

PACIFIC-OREGON.—A.—No information is available beyond that which you state. I will keep the matter in front of me, and as soon as I learn something definite I will not fail to communicate it to you.

SHIPPING DEBENTURE.—J. E. W.—If you can get the price you name you might as well take it.

SOUTH AUSTRALIANS.—ALPHA EAST.—It means that you can get the stock, which is of the face value of £100, for about £84. It does not mean that the quotation will be up to 115 in five years' time.

SAVINGS.—REGINALD.—There is at present an excellent opportunity for making investments in gilt-edged securities, and I should advise you to seize it.

COLLIERY CONCERN.—A. E. G. (Ilkeston).—It does not even appear in the usual books of reference, and I am sorry, therefore, I cannot help you in the matter.

COMPANY MANAGEMENT.—UNITED.—Your best plan is to get into communication with the other shareholders, and if they are satisfied with the justice of your views, they can give you proxies and demand a change in the management. Of course, you would have to possess or control a clear majority of the shares in order to bring this about.

GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES.—W.—These annuities are redeemable at the option of the Government, at par, but as the quotation is so much lower, it is obvious that the right is not likely to be exercised. They have the same security as Consols, but the latter stand higher, as they possess a much freer market.

WEST AFRICAN.—ANXIOUS.—No; you can do far better in either Prestea Block A or in Prestea Mines.

CANNAN'S SOAP WORKS.—S.N.—No information is available here, and you must make your inquiries either in Bradford itself or in Leeds.

BANKS.—NOZIAK.—(1) I should think it is better for you to stick to the leading joint-stock institutions. (2) Hardly, but you might try. (3) I send what you ask for.

RUBBERS, OILS, ETC.—F. M. G.—(1) United Sumatras would be suitable. (2) Yes; in the near future. (3) Malkop Producers and General Oil and Finance. (4) Keep Home Rails now; these stocks are very promising. (5) This has been forwarded to you.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

PROSPECTS OF COMPANY.—AGENT (Birmingham).—As far as solvency goes, there can be nothing to fear.

BRITANNIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—R. S. P. (Leeds).—You will no doubt be given the value of the bonus, together with the face value of the policy, if you make application in the ordinary way to the company, notwithstanding you have mislaid some of your documents.

PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.—J. R. (Marham).—It is impossible for us to help you in the matter. If you can no longer pay the premiums, all you can do is to go to the company and make the best possible arrangements with it, but they are guided by fixed rules in such matters.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE.—W. P. (Catford).—We cannot recommend the company named by you. Unemployment insurance cannot at present be got from companies of high standing.

ECONOMIC MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. T. (Liverpool).—Yes.

IRISH PROVIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—A. W. (Cinderford).—(1) Some months ago. (2) We do not think you can recover as suggested.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—G. B. (Leith).—We are afraid we put it a little too high, but we believe the company to be honestly managed.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. G. (Balham).—We are obliged by the circular letter, but where does the biscuit come in?

THE PREMIER INSURANCE.—D. D. (Swansea).—We do not see how we can help you in the matter. If you think you have a claim upon the company you should consult a solicitor.

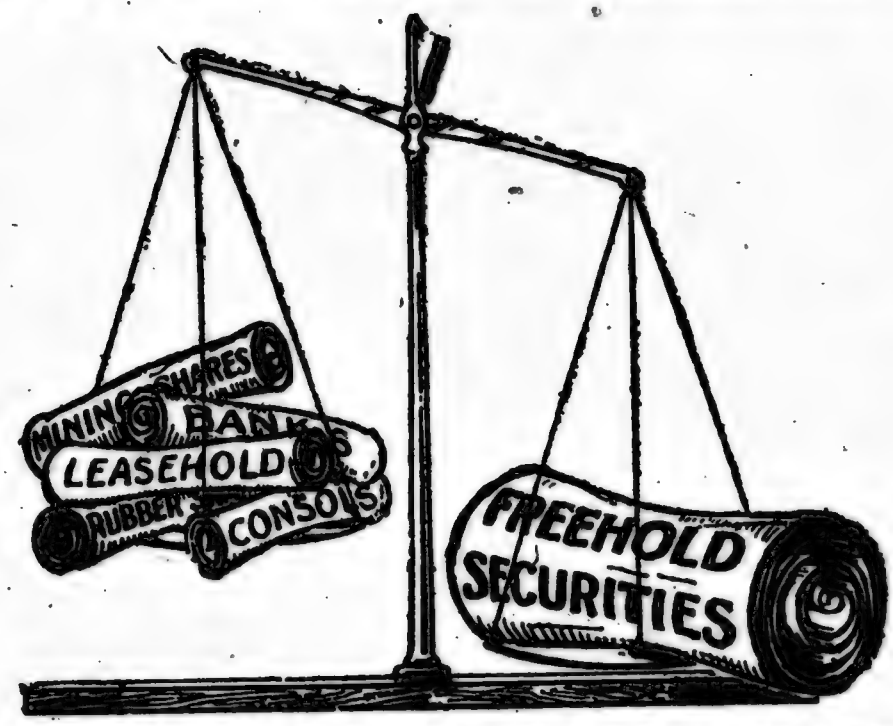
CARRIAGE AND GENERAL.—MANCURIAN (Liverpool).—The answer is in the negative.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—PACIFIC (Southport).—We do not understand your reference to "firms." But if you want an insurance company for a house purchase scheme, you might go to the Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company.

UNIVERSAL ASSURANCE LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.—As to the wisdom of the transfer to the British Widows Assurance Company, that depends on the terms, with which we are not acquainted. The company was established in 1902.

Weighed in the balance and found to outweigh all other Securities combined.

You Work For Your Money



Let Your Money Work For You

Have you ever considered the possibilities of making money legimately through a modest freehold investment? A piece of good freehold is better than money in the bank, and every piece of freehold bought intelligently to-day—in the right spot—is certain to improve; and is likely to double and treble in value in a few years

Why not trust the tried? Men make money in their respective businesses, but FORTUNES are amassed through buying GOOD FREEHOLD.

Men a few years ago made a few pounds in their business, invested it in GOOD FREEHOLD—the result to-day is their families are WEALTHY.

"Elthorne Heights"

is freehold of the first quality, situated within 7½ miles of Marble Arch, a nineteen minutes journey from Paddington and the extension of London's prosperous and fashionable West-end

Why not follow the wise? Think first, then Act.

Why should anyone hesitate to buy that security from which millions and millions of pounds sterling have been made legitimately? Who can stop the swift tide of progress? Why try such a useless task? BUY FREEHOLD and GO WITH THE SAFE EVER-FLOWING TIDE of ADVANCEMENT in FREEHOLD VALUES. This can be done at "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS" London's Beauty Spot. Its value is sure to increase enormously. Already there is proof of the profits of "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS." Many of those who bought the first lots have already reaped a rich reward. Now is your chance. The second portion of "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS" is open to the public. Learn all about this glorious spot, where beauty and valuable freehold vie with each other for pride of place. It is man's privilege—aye, duty—to own his share of this glorious earth. And where better can he find a place than in prosperous England? And, better still, in London itself. What a magic word is London! The eyes of every country in the world are on London. Because when London moves the world moves. Its enormous wealth, its prosperous business centres, and its ever-growing ramifications give courage to the Universe. London Freehold is not a speculation, but a guaranteed investment, second to none in the whole world. Now stop and think of what an opportunity is presenting itself to you now. That you can own a piece of London, actual Freehold (yours for ever), the most tangible and the strongest security available, for only **£5 down and the remainder by paying the small sum of £1 per month**—AT "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS."

Buying FREEHOLD is no gamble. It is a certainty, especially at "ELTHORNE HEIGHTS."

Apply for Free Railway Tickets, and take one of the many trains from Paddington to Hanwell and Elthorne Station. The journey only occupies about 19 minutes, and conveyances meet all trains at the Station on Saturdays and Sundays. If you are in London call and see us, or write for our handsome illustrated Booklet A, sent free on application.

GREAT WESTERN LAND Co., Ltd., Oswaldestre House, 34 & 35, NORFOLK ST., STRAND, **LONDON.**

LAW FOR THE MILLION.

V.—HUSBAND AND WIFE—MAINTENANCE.

The first duty of a husband is to maintain his wife—that is to say, he must supply her with all necessaries, and what are necessaries depends entirely upon the position in life the husband holds. It does not mean only things which are indispensable; he must supply her with everything necessary for her to maintain her position. It is, therefore, a question depending upon the circumstances of each case, and what would be considered necessaries in one case would be luxuries in another. Should a husband fail to supply his wife with necessaries, or with the means to obtain them, she may pledge his credit for them, and the tradesman can recover the amount from him—as the presumption is that she ordered the goods as agent for her husband, unless the tradesman received notice not to give the wife credit. This presumption can also be got over if the husband can prove that he made his wife a sufficient allowance to cover the household expenses. Where a wife has a separate income of her own out of which she defrays the household expenses, it would not be presumed that she acted as agent for her husband, but she would be personally liable; but where the wife's income is not sufficient to supply all that is requisite, she is entitled to pledge her husband's credit to the extent of the deficiency. Where a wife is living apart from her husband, she has no presumed authority to pledge his credit, but if she has left him for good cause (such as if he habitually ill-treated her, or if he had deserted her), he can be compelled to pay for all necessary things she has ordered suitable to her station in life, providing she has not agreed to pay for them out of her separate income. If, however, a wife leaves her husband without sufficient cause, he will not be liable for any goods she may order—*e.g.*, it would not be sufficient cause if, in the heat of an isolated quarrel, the husband were to tell the wife she could clear out of the house and go where she pleased. If, after leaving him, the wife should commit adultery, the husband will not be liable for any goods supplied to her subsequent to the act coming to his knowledge.

Where a husband and wife are living apart by mutual consent, the liability of the husband to maintain his wife continues unless he can show that she is sufficiently provided for, and it is immaterial whether the provision is derived from the wife's separate property or from the allowance of the husband, or partly from one source and partly from the other.

Should a husband become chargeable to the parish and his wife have separate property, she is liable for his maintenance.

If a man and woman are living together as husband and wife, the man is liable for the debts the woman may contract.

(To be continued.)

LEGAL ANSWERS.

(Questions cannot be answered by post.)

Custody of Children.—C. H (Stoke Newington).—The father has the right to the care and custody of the children in preference to the mother, but this privilege is given him for the benefit of the children, and the Court will deprive him of it if he is not a fit and proper person to exercise it—*e.g.*, if he were grossly intemperate or immoral—and will delegate the right to the mother. If there is no father living, the mother is the next person entitled to their custody.

Gun Licence.—A. F. C. (South Harrow).—A gun licence enables the occupier, and one other person authorised by him in writing, to shoot hares and rabbits on the land.

Increment Duty.—S. J. (Portsmouth).—The duty is 5 per cent. on the increased value of the property; you would therefore pay £10 on a profit of £200. If the property depreciates in value the Government do not compensate you.

Document Lost by Record Office.—M. T. (Brixton).—You have no legal remedy.

Purchase of Furniture.—"Anxious" (Blackwood).—If the furniture did not belong to the man who sold it, you must give it up to the owners. You can sue the man for the return of the price, and also prosecute him for obtaining money by false pretences.

Water Rate.—F. O. (Stoke Newington).—The men were evidently sent to disconnect the water before your wife arrived at the office to pay the amount; we do not think in the circumstances you could recover the cost of having it connected again.

Workmen's Compensation.—A. B. C. (Grimsby).—You are too late to make any claim now.

Trade Unions and Politics.—"Musicus" (Loughborough Junction).—It is illegal for a Trade Union to apply its funds to political purposes.

Old Age Pension.—E. R.—If a man is over 70 years of age and has an income of 9s. 6d. per week, he is entitled to 5s. a week under the Old Age Pension Act—that is, providing his wife has no income.

Inhabited House Duty.—H. T. (Rhondda Valley).—You are liable to pay if you sleep on the premises. A club house is not exempt. But no tax is chargeable if the annual value is under £20.

Removing Contract.—"Albert" (Bognor).—The contractors are liable for any goods they lose. Better take out a summons in the County Court.

Copy of Will.—H. R. (Newcastle).—You can obtain a copy by applying to the Probate Office. The relatives of the deceased are not informed of the application.

Notice to Quit.—W. H. D. (Worcester Park).—You were a weekly tenant, and therefore only entitled to a week's notice, and the landlord was within his rights to distrain for rent, notwithstanding that you were under notice.

Football Sweepstakes.—W. J. (Swansea).—It is not legal to hold sweepstakes on licensed premises.

Hawker's Licence.—"Hard Up.—A hawker's licence costs £2, but if you are the real worker or maker of the goods, you do not require a licence.

Shooting of Dog.—E. B. (Harrogate).—The person had no right to shoot your dog, even if it were trespassing. You can take out a summons in the Police Court, or sue for damages in the County Court—the latter is the more desirable.

Trust Deed.—B. R. (Bournemouth).—The trustees cannot advance money for the maintenance and education of your child, unless they are empowered to do so by the trust deed.

Marriage of Divorced Person.—W. W. (Bridgend).—If a divorced person marries before the decree nisi is made absolute, the second marriage is null and void.

Guarantee to Bank.—E. P. S. (Gloucester).—It is a sad case, but the lady must pay.

Accident.—A. G. M. (Globe Road).—Your mother can sue the man for damages in the County Court, but she must call witnesses to prove that the accident was caused by his negligence.

Legality of Marriage.—"Settlement" (Birmingham).—The marriage is binding, even if the parties never lived together; but if the husband has gone abroad, she cannot have him brought back.

Service Contract.—H. R.—Your master has no right to insult you or swear at you, and you can leave.

Scotch Marriage.—J. K. (Glasgow).—If, *in good faith*, you take one another for man and wife, it is sufficient, in Scotland, to constitute a marriage.

F. W. C. N. B.—Without knowing all the circumstances we cannot advise you.

Marriage.—"Needles" (Redditch).—As the man was married at the time he went through the ceremony with your cousin, that ceremony is null and void, and she is free to marry again, without taking any legal steps.

Service Contract.—N. B.—You can give a month's notice at any time, unless your agreement stipulates to the contrary.

MR. BEARDALL'S APPEAL DISMISSED, WITH COSTS.

It may be remembered that the action for libel brought against us by Mr. Julius Beardall, the solicitor for the National Cash Register Company, resulted in a verdict for the defendants. Mr. Beardall thereupon applied to the Court of Appeal for a new trial. On Monday last, the Court delivered a considered judgment, dismissing Mr. Beardall's appeal, with costs.

"IF ONLY."

By Gunby Hadath.

Just fancy! (Conception permitting)
If only some merciful elf
Would keep our grave Conference sitting
While Party was placed on the shelf!
(While Radical lay down with Tory,
While Simon and Smith could agree,
While Money joined forces with Storey,
While Law was embracing Lloyd G.)
Would keep that sage Conference stewing
For two or three years in debate,—
Why, *we'd* have some time to be *doing*,
Time to put one or two matters straight!

We could see, while the tinker and tailor
Returned to his can and his cuff,
That our Navy was ruled by a sailor;
And make sure we have Navy enough.
We'd have time to suggest (what presumption!)
To eminent lights of the Law
That Blackstone and Coke write with gumption,
But teach very little of War.
And, perhaps, with the zeal of a lover
Or housewife who plies a new broom,
We might even have time to consider
A job for Lord K. of Khartoum!

We'd have time to discuss without passion
Whether Free Trade or Fair is on top,
If the Give-All Ask-Nothing old fashion
Is best for the national shop!
We'd have time, while the Eight found enjoyment
On themes that don't matter a rap,
To face a live fact, Unemployment,
And fill a few cupboards, mayhap.
We'd have time to breathe sense in the Poor Law,
To lick lots of things into shape;
But we wouldn't have time to endure more
Rank waste on dead bones and red tape!

We'd have time, O, my suffering brothers,
To throw a few cranks off their throne,
The *Anti*-This-That-And-The-Others,
The *Pro*-Every-Land-But-Our-Own.
(In the service benign of the Mahdi,
Or Mufti, or *someone* o'ersea,
There is room for the talents of Hardie,
There is room for the talents of Hardie,
And scope for Sir Whittaker, T.)
And when without clatter and chatter
We'd manage these trifles, my friend,
It wouldn't so very much matter
What the Conference did in the end!

(The Sign of the N.S.E. is the Size of the L.S.D.)

PAID AWAY £428,280 TO CLIENTS.

BY THE

National Share Exchange

HAVE YOU REFLECTED on the meaning of these figures? It may not have occurred to you that we have distributed nearly half-a-million pounds sterling amongst a number of people, who, before we were introduced to them by means of a newspaper, were not aware that it is possible to make money through us on the Stock Markets.

PARTICULARS OF CLIENTS' CHEQUES IN ILLUSTRATION,
Originals of which can be seen at this Office.

In giving below particulars of cheques paid away as a result of our modern system of money-making for clients, there are three points to bear in mind, namely

(1). The client's outlay can be as small as 26.
(2). Profits made by clients are invariably made on our advices.
(3). When we pay away a cheque to a client it means that the client has made money.

Initials.	£	s.	d.	Initials.	£	s.	d.	Initials.	£	s.	d.
W.H.	22	0	0	Mrs. O.	88	10	0	E.B.	21	5	0
W.J.G.	21	0	0	F.M.	40	14	9	R S.M.	10	0	0
W.J.G.	21	10	0	W.M.	118	10	0	H.E.N.	60	0	0
Mrs. A.H.F.	40	7	6	W.H.	56	3	0	L.H.W.	32	0	0
W.H.	22	5	0	C.J.W.	28	10	0	F.A.S.	51	10	0
W.H.	28	0	0	F.R.	23	0	0	J.E.H.	34	2	6
Mrs. A.H.F.	22	15	0	W.H.L.	32	19	9	Mrs. A.H.F.	60	0	0
W.H.	10	5	0	F.D.	32	0	0	W.M.	157	10	0
Mrs. O.	28	8	9	E L.F.	51	4	0	H.P.G.	60	0	0
Mrs. O.	20	0	0	Capt. W.	21	8	9	H.P.G.	100	0	0
Mrs. A.H.F.	30	3	3	Miss F.P.	24	8	0	Mrs. O.	16	14	3
W.J.G.	40	0	0	F.K.	59	0	0	H.E.N.	23	2	6
W.M.	126	0	0	C.B.T.	33	16	6	H.E.N.	36	13	0
W.J.G.	98	8	0	B.M.	19	2	0	C.M.	34	11	9

THE ART OF MONEY-MAKING.

Without knowledge of stocks and shares—without worry, anxiety, or loss of time—our clients add to their incomes. How is it done? By our modern system of money-making. The shrewdest and ripest brains have pronounced this method to be the Simplest, the Soundest, and the Most Effective. It appeals to men, however small their means, because the outstanding feature of it is that liability is limited all the time.

What these Figures have meant to Clients THEY MEAN TO YOU.
NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY. WE PAY PROFITS PROMPTLY.

Fill in and post Coupon.

Small Sums Make Big Profits.

We Pay Profits Promptly.

TO THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away £428,280 to clients.

J B. 3/11/10

NAME.....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

DATE.....

(Please write distinctly).

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

PATRIOTS?

SOME GENEROUS WOULD-BE EMPLOYERS OF OLD SOLDIERS.

There are two well-known refrains that the British people seldom get tired of singing—one is "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," and the other is, "Britons never shall be slaves." The sentiment expressed in both breathes true patriotism. Now let us give an illustration as to how these patriotic airs work out in practice.

There is an institution in the Brompton Road called "The Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society," and it has for its patron the King. Within the past few months, so numerous have been the complaints from ex-Service men that they were unable to get any help whatever from this association, that we thought it advisable to send our representative to interview the secretary, and that gentleman gave every assistance for a full investigation. We saw there a score of well set up young fellows waiting for work, and enrolled on the books were fully a couple of hundred more. "We are doing our best to find them work," said the secretary, "but it's a hard job to suit them."

"Have you no immediate vacancies?" asked our representative.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "but they are such that no man can accept." This is one:—

> Wanted, smart single young man as Useful Waiter, capable of cleaning dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, pantry, etc., keep knives, silver and glass in order; wait at table, answer front door, dining-room, drawing-room and smoking-room bells. The man must also be in possession of and wear the regulation clothes for an indoor servant. Wages 7s. a week Sleep out.

It is perhaps not surprising that the defenders of Empire did not make a wild rush for this vacancy. Perhaps it was because the "generous employer" had omitted to state that the applicant would have the privilege of paying the Inland Revenue tax for male servants.

Here is another desirable post which the ungrateful Service men would not take:—

> Man able to cook, and do entire work of a six-roomed flat, valet, etc. Commence duties at 8 a.m., and can leave after all the work is finished. Wages 1s. a day; no food or lodging.

We have satisfied ourselves that this institution is doing everything in its power to obtain work for a class of deserving men, and we have only one complaint to make—namely, that the secretary refused the name and address of these patriotic employers of labour. We should very much like to pay them a visit—and we should take our whip.

"SMALL-PLOTTERS" AND THEIR TITHES.

AN EASY METHOD OF COLLECTION.

Our recent paragraph in reference to the Canvey Island tithes has elicited several communications, from which we gather that it is a general practice for clerical gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Canvey to come down upon the holder of perhaps only a single plot for the tithe of the whole field shown on the tithe map—an area of sometimes as much as 20 acres—and this though the unfortunate man may be unable to find any of the other owners. If he does not pay, judgment is obtained, and an execution promptly levied.

Two concrete instances of this sharp practice reach us, from Rayleigh and New Thundersley, respectively. The Rev. Talbot Major, vicar of New Thundersley (we are informed), sends every six months to a small-plotter a bill for about 40s., of which 6s. 6d. only is the proportion payable by the person to whom it is addressed, the balance being owed by others, but doubtless it saves the good vicar a lot of trouble to collect the whole amount from one person. Our correspondent wonders why some of the verses in the Bible do not choke the Rev. Mr. Major when he reads them on Sundays!

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE iii. OF COVER.

Open Letter to John Bull.

November 5, 1910.

Dear John,

We ask no man to try the "Erasmic" Shaving Stick simply because it is BRITISH Our argument is the provable fact that "Erasmic" is BEST. That is why you should try it in preference to any other Shaving Stick made; that it is British is simply a point which doubles the claim of "Erasmic" to your regard.

Proof required?—here it is;—Trial Sample Stick for two penny stamps. Money refunded if not satisfactory. What could be fairer?

Yours truly,

"ERASMIC."

The Erasmic Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. K) Warrington.

Lotus Ski Boots 1922

SKI-ING IN SWITZERLAND

Lotus are thoroughly reliable English Boots, skilfully and expressly designed for Ski-ing. They improve the efficiency, comfort and appearance of the wearer. Round the ankle and heel Lotus fit closely to prevent blistering, but provide an abundance of room for the toes. All details have received special attention, and in Lotus will be found the soundness and refinements of first-class boot-making.

Men's.... 35/-
Women's 28/6

Try on Lotus and get comfortably fitted before the season opens. Run no risks in having Ski boots made specially for you—Lotus are supplied from stock. The Lotus agent in your district can get them by return from the factory should he not have them in stock, and he will be pleased to do so.

Fully described in Lotus Autumn catalogue—write LOTUS, STAFFORD, for a copy and local agent's address.

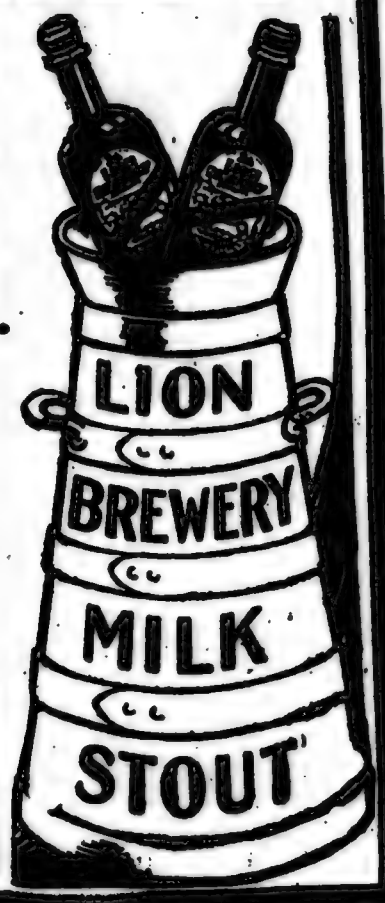
Registered Design No. 564,074

Lotus are British—Write for Catalogue

The makers of Lotus boots were awarded a Grand Prix at the Brussels Exhibition.

Out and Out—The Finest Stout.

LION BREWERY Milk Stout



is everywhere superseding ordinary Stout because it is more nourishing and more easily digestible, and at the same time contains all the sparkle and flavour of the best ordinary Stout.

Lion Brewery Milk-Stout is brewed from the best Malt and Hops, and Sugar of Milk, giving the beverage the additional nutritive value of the energising Carbo-Hydrates of pure dairy Milk.

Sold by all Grocers, Wine Merchants and Stores. Write for name of nearest Agent to **Lion Brewery Co., Ltd., Lambeth, S.E.**
Bottling Agents wanted in principal towns outside London. *Brewed under license.*

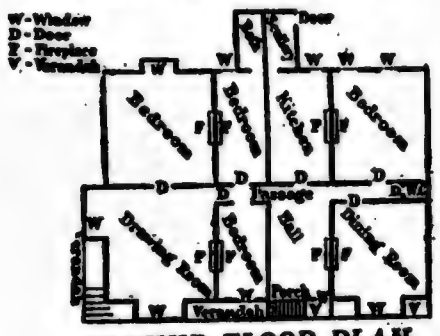
3/3
per Dozen Imperial Pints.

RENT FREE FOR EVER.

A Unique and Unprecedented Opportunity to obtain a splendid House, with all modern improvements, absolutely without a penny expense.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. WEEKLY PRIZES.

THE FREE £1,000 HOUSE.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

THE PRIZE HOUSE.

Situated within 35 minutes of town, with a very good train service, the house we are offering is a prize well worth winning. It stands in a charming well-stocked garden of about a quarter of an acre. The rooms number eight—3 reception and 4 bedrooms—with kitchen, etc. The kitchen is fitted with Eagle Range and Gas Stove. The dining and two bedrooms are completely furnished with white enamelled fitments—carpets, table and chairs only required to complete the furnishing of these rooms. The house is let on repairing lease until Feb. 1912, at £45 p.a. (The tenant does all repairs outside and inside.) The winner therefore will receive the rent, and then have the right of occupation or re-letting as desired.

The deeds have been deposited at Solicitor's offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE EASY COMPETITION.

All you have to do is to write a short humorous description advertising this prize house for sale. The following is an example:—

"To loafers, monied magnates, and City men. For Sale, an eight-roomed cottage, reclining in its own flower (?) beds and usually surrounded by ½ acre of mud. A correctly filled in Form IV. (a great curiosity) forms a valuable part of the property. Near post, pub. and prison. Standing room only; no bedrooms; garden shady but honest; tree on lawn."

CONDITIONS.

EACH ATTEMPT TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY ORDER AND CASH (P.O. 1/1) FOR 25 OF THE FAMOUS G. PASQUALI CIGARETTES, EITHER EGYPTIAN BLEND, TURKISH, OR VIRGINIAN. STATE WHICH to THE PASQUALI FREEHOLD HOUSE COMPETITION, 10, ESSEX ST., STRAND.

Writing to be on one side of the paper only, with name and address written clearly.

The Competition will close on January 31, 1911, and the decision with the winner's name as published in JOHN BULL is to be accepted as final and competitors enter only on this understanding.

The object of this Competition is to still further popularize

Pasquali's Oronto Cigarettes

manufactured by the well-known firm of GEO. DE PASQUALI, LTD., Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, the excellence and high quality of which are already well-known to, and appreciated by, discriminating smokers in all parts of the country.

THE WRITER OF THE MOST HUMOROUS ADVERTISEMENT SENT IN WILL BE AWARDED THE PRIZE OF THE ABOVE-MENTIONED HOUSE FREE OF ALL LEGAL EXPENSES OR COSTS.

The writers of the 3 best advertisements EVERY WEEK will be awarded gifts as under:—

1st, 2,000 Cigarettes. | 2nd, 1,000 Cigarettes.
3rd, 500 Cigarettes.

From these weekly winners the prize winners of the house will be selected, and the writers of the 22 next best advertisements will be awarded consolation gifts as under:—

2nd. 2,000 Cigarettes.
3rd. 1,000 Cigarettes. |
4th. 500 Cigarettes.
5th—22nd. 100 Cigarettes each.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Some advertisers spend their money on expensive electric signs, others on artistic posters, but all have the same goal in view, to imprint on the brain of the public the excellence of their goods. We believe by giving a portion of the money to be spent on advertising to the public in the shape of a house and boxes of Cigarettes free is a surer method.

The inimitable Mr. GEO. GRAVES, of the PALACE, DRURY LANE and DALY'S THEATRES, and Mr. RICHARD D. DICKER, late Advertising Manager of *Punch*, will act with one other well-known gentleman as Judges, and their decision as published must be accepted as final. There is no restriction as to the number of entries, but each entry must be accompanied by order and cash for 25 Pasquali Cigarettes, to

THE PASQUALI FREEHOLD HOUSE COMPETITION, 10, ESSEX ST., STRAND, W.C.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BIRMINGHAM.—A most enthusiastic meeting was held on Monday, October 24th, in the Council Schools, King's Heath. This was the fifth of the series arranged, and was crowded before the meeting commenced, leaving standing room for the late comers. A delightful musical programme was provided. The great concert Pathephone provided selections and kept the audience entertained until the proceedings commenced and again in the interval. Mr. Smith gave a masterly rendering of the "John Bull League Song," and was followed by Mr. Dale, who has an excellent tenor voice, and was in first-class form. Mr. Rundle got a rousing encore for his song. Mr. Sidney Albert, humorist, and Mr. Bert Forss, in the Dickens' characters, were enthusiastically applauded, the former being doubly encored and the latter answering calls and recalls until eight different characters had been depicted. Mr. J. A. Cond ably presided at thep iano. The Local Chairman, Mr. J. Parker Crees, made a few brief remarks, and the Central Secretary, Mr. C. L. Kay, in a speech which evoked much enthusiasm, expounded the objects of the League, with the result that about a hundred applications for membership were handed in, among which were found many well-known local names.

MANCHESTER.—The next public meeting will be held in the Manchester and Salford Co-operative Hall, Downing Street, Manchester, on Saturday next, November 10th. By kind permission of Mr. Nelson Barry, of the Manchester Hippodrome, the services of two well-known artistes, Mr. Geo. Horrocks and Mr. Albert Thomson, have been secured.

SHEFFIELD.—Attention is called to the first public meeting of the branch to be held to-night (Thursday), in the Montgomery Hall, Sheffield. The Executive Committee have been fortunate enough to secure the attendance of Councillor H. Ross Clyne, the Chairman of the Manchester and Salford branch, who will deliver an address. All members and their friends are cordially invited.

(*For application form, see page 718.*)

"JOHN BULL'S" Christmas Presents.

Unique Scheme of Distribution.

The circulation of JOHN BULL is gradually, but very surely, making its way to the record figure of

ONE MILLION COPIES WEEKLY.

We want to accomplish that feat by the end of the present year—or, at the very latest, by the end of May next, when the journal will be five years old.

Will you help us? There is no limit to the ways in which you can do so. You may pass your copy on to a friend, when you have read it, with a recommendation to take us regularly in future; you may buy a second, or even a third or fourth copy, and send it to some acquaintance who may not at present be amongst our readers; you may leave a copy in the train, or the tram, or the 'bus; you may introduce us to your colleagues in the office, the shop, the factory; you may talk about us at home, in the restaurant, at parties, at meetings; you may quote us in your letters; in fact, you may, if you will, become our constant friend and canvasser. That is, of course, if you like us. If you don't, then you may blackguard us and curse us, up hill and down dale, and warn all your friends against us. That is equally effective.

Now, we are not of an ungrateful disposition. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and one good turn deserves another. We *must* have that Million Circulation. Well, *Christmas is coming*, and ON CHRISTMAS EVE WE WILL DISTRIBUTE

£2,000 Worth of Presents

AMONGST THOSE READERS WHO HAVE HELPED US MOST.

We leave the method entirely to them. All we ask them to do is to send us, from time to time, one of the Coupons which will be found below, acquainting us of what they are doing. We shall then carefully collate and examine the Coupons, and apportion the Presents—which will consist of *FIVE-POUND NOTES, POSTAL ORDERS, WATCHES, BICYCLES, CIGARS, TURKEYS, TWENTY CASES OF KOPKE "VICTORIA" PORT, AND ALL KINDS OF OTHER USEFUL AND SEASONABLE THINGS.*

To be entitled to participate in the Distribution, all you have to do is to push our sales, in *your own way*, between now and

DECEMBER 20th,

and to send in, *not later than that date*—AND AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE IN THE MEANTIME—in an envelope addressed to "The Editor, JOHN BULL, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.," and marked in the left-hand corner, "Christmas Present Distribution," one of the Coupons printed below. There is no necessity to cut out the subjoined coupon before passing the copy on to a friend, as one coupon sent from time to time will suffice for a general report.

We cannot enter into correspondence with individual readers respecting this scheme, nor can we send parcels of specimen copies for distribution by competitors.

Coupon.—Christmas Present Distribution.

I have assisted to bring the circulation of JOHN BULL up to *One Million Copies* in the following manner:

Here describe what you have done, as shortly as possible.

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Name _____

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5/11/10.

The ONLY Men's Handkerchiefs with a positive COLOUR GUARANTEE

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

"for Men of Taste."

Six "Pyramids" Free for any one which loses its colour in the laundry.

Send for Sample.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us nine penny stamps for a sample handkerchief, to enable you to test our guarantee and see the superb texture and border designs of "Pyramids."

Address: PYRAMID, Dept. P4
132 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Please note we can forward only one sample to any address.

Along with the handkerchief we will send you name of nearest dealer.

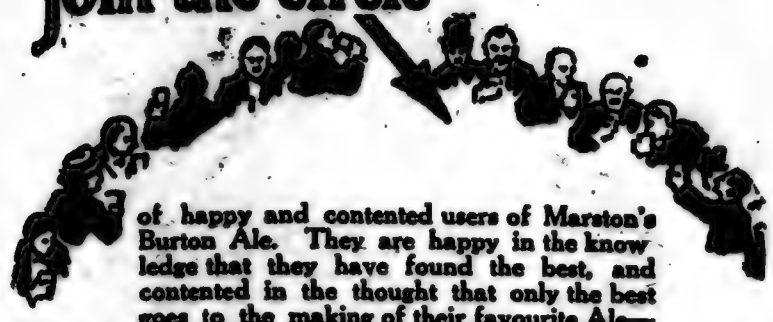
In a wide range of colourings. Also ALL-WHITE.

9d. each. Half-dozen for 4/8

Same Guarantee with "Lisene" Handkerchiefs for Ladies.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

Come in and join the circle



of happy and contented users of Marston's Burton Ale. They are happy in the knowledge that they have found the best, and contented in the thought that only the best goes to the making of their favourite Ale—Marston's, the best Malt and Hops, the best experience and the best brewing water. Just try it and you will understand.

MARSTON'S BURTON ALE

As supplied to the House of Lords

Write to-day for small cask and name of nearest agent. 9-gallon Cask Bitter Ale 10/6, Pale Ale 12/6. "Owd Rodger" Strong Ale (the drink of Old England—Best in Cold Weather), 15/-. Carriage paid to your home. Booklet, prices, &c. free on application.

MARSTON, THOMPSON, & EVERSHED, Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.
London: 77-85, Pancras Road, N.W.

Peter Pen says "Come and See the Pen that Fills Itself

"Put it in the ink, pull and push—and the deed is done.
"The Pen is full and ready to write.
"It is simple, you see. No filler or squirt.
"The Pen is all you need, for it fills itself.
"And it cannot leak. Oh, yes, it is quite true. It can't—I know—take my word it's so.
"It doesn't splutter, scratch or blot."
"I could say much more but when it's summed up Peter Pen's speech is this—
"Get the British made

Onoto

Self-Filling Safety Fountain **Pen**

Price 10/6 and upwards of all stationers, jewellers and stores.

Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to—

Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 339, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new "G"—has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new "G" at your stationers.

Ask your stationer for ONOTO INK—best for fountain and al other pens

5948

YOUR STATIONERY REPRESENTS YOU

Are you satisfied that your writing-paper does justice to your character, position and taste? Or is it wanting? If quality counts you will like

HERONS COURT

a writing-paper with a quiet dignity that imparts tone to your letters—that is impressive but not obtrusive.

It is a "laid" paper delightful to the touch—of good substance and colour, firm in texture, crisp, and with a surface that makes writing a pleasure.

It is stocked in Cream and Azure in the four following sizes—Albert, Duchess, Octavo at 1/- per 5 quires boxed. Envelopes to match (boxed 100s) 1/- per box, and Large Octavo 1/6 per 5 quires boxed. Envelopes to match (boxed 250s) 1/6 per 100.

Write for Sample Book (J)

and address of nearest Stationer who stocks Herons Court to

W · H · SMITH & SON

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS 186 STRAND, W.C.

You can have 3 days' Examination of the Made-to-Measure

IRISH FRIEZE OVERCOAT

Before you part with your Money.

GREAT IRISH TAILOR TRADE MARK REG.

When you buy a coat by post you run certain risks; at the least you lay yourself open to disappointment. Now, I claim that my

£2 2 0 MADE-TO-MEASURE COAT (ANY STYLE)

is the finest garment your money can buy; and to enable you to assure yourself of its worth, I will accept your ten-day post-dated cash order. You'll have the coat home within a week—which leaves you three days for examination—if it is not perfect in every detail, you send it back, and stop your money. There's not much risk about that.

There are good reasons why your Winter Coat should be made of real Irish Frieze.

This hard-wearing fabric is made from clean new wool. It retains all the original elasticity; fulness and strength of new wool. It keeps its colour; it never fades like "aboddy," because new wool can absorb much more dye. The colourings and designs are the latest and most fashionable: Plain Blacks, Browns, and Myrtle Greens, Striped Heather Mixtures, and Diagonal Golden Browns and Briar Greens.

As a matter of "hard business," shouldn't you see these patterns for yourself? Drop me a postcard now, right now; and have a large selection back by return. To hasten matters, address "Export Depôt."

DAVID TOWELL,

Upper Sackville St., Dublin.
Branches: PARLIAMENT ST., and at BELFAST.

T.K.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Mrs. Skeffington" at the Queen's Theatre.

Why hasn't "Mrs. Skeffington" caught on as she ought to have done? It cannot be because she is dull! She is the epitome of all that woman should be—loving, lovable, sensible, unaffected, a friend in need; in short, I should describe her as a beautiful *edition de luxe*—illustrated with every adorable grace and alluring inconsistency possessed by the "ideal lady" of one's tangled dreams.

That many examples such as Kathleen Lindsay, *alias* Mrs. Skeffington, exist it is not possible to imagine in this sordid age. But that she is as refreshing to the senses as the perfume of a dew-drenched rose after the artificial atmosphere of a stifling hot-house, none who seizes the opportunity of an introduction to "Mrs. Jack Skeffington" will deny.

And I say "scize" because I doubt if Cosmo Hamilton's "Episode in Cavalry Barracks" (*vide* programme)—every whit as interesting, and perhaps more so, than "The Flag Lieutenant"—will enjoy the long and healthy run it deserves.

To begin with, "Mrs. Skeffington" was produced on a Friday—I hate Fridays; they are generally unlucky—and the next morning London was plunged in gloom, for the Queen's brother was dead, and most of the theatres and music-halls have suffered severely from slump ever since.

Therefore, hurry up all those of you who are pining to take your wives and best girls for an outing, and I don't think you will say I have sung the praises of Cosmo Hamilton's story too highly. Mr. Hamilton is a dramatist with a strong vein of humour, coupled with a deep feeling of heart, and his play at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, is bubbling over with both. Hence the great attraction of "Mrs. Skeffington" and her entertaining companions.

"Sweating" by West-end Managements.

The esteemed secretary of the Actors' Association has called my attention to the "sweating" of actors and actresses by certain West-end managers. He sends me copies of letters, not for publication, in which artists have been offered salaries of 25s. per week for seven performances, and in some cases actors of many years' experience have been invited to attend rehearsals "on appro."; and post-cards were used to convey these lordly offers.

Personally, I am always averse to the use of post-cards. I think them most objectionable, but in instances such as these, it is simply disgraceful. Mr. Young goes on to say that it has "long been the aim of the Actors' Association to establish a minimum wage of £2 a week for every recognised artist, which is not an extravagant sum when the expenses incidental to, and the precarious nature of, the calling are considered."

The sum certainly is not an exorbitant one; in fact, it appears to me to be a starvation salary. But, on the other hand, you are bound to think of the enormous expenditure and responsibility undertaken by every West-end manager. Say a theatre is built by Mr. A., and is let at a profit rental to Mr. B; that this gentleman has no success with his venture, so he sublets to Mr C., who also fails and again sublets. Each of these gentlemen naturally desires to make a bit on his own, so imagine what the rent per annum eventually pans out at. I don't think I am wrong in stating that one playhouse down the Strand tots up to the colossal figure of twenty-five thousand a year.

Now I ask you, how on earth is any manager to make money for himself or his syndicate with this fabulous sum to shell out? And this, mind you, without any "star" turns, authors' fees, orchestra, scenery, or costumes, &c., taken into consideration. Simply the bare rent and taxes. Do you wonder, then, that managers pare down their salary list to the extent they do? It is not that they *want* to, but it is because they *have* to; for theatre rentals have become so outrageous, that anything like decent screws for actors are impossible.

"Fall In, Rookies!" at the Alhambra.

Henry Arthur Jones understands his business! He knows the tricks of his trade. His 'Fall In, Rookies!" may not be superlatively great, but it undoubtedly appeals to your sympathies, and does not leave you disconsolate.

Young Farren Soutar shines brightly as the reformed Nat Drake, the once drunken ne'er-do-well, who enlists and returns home three years later to the sound of the drums and fifes, and marries the girl he kissed when dazed with drink and taunted to the insult by Cherry herself. The Alhambra directorate has spared no expense in mounting H. A. J.'s sketch. The bands play, the crowds cheer, the tramp of the red-coats is heard, Nat and Cherry fall into one another's arms, and you know that they'll live happily ever afterwards. What more can you want?

The writer of a letter from Dublin, in which reference is made to a certain Orphanage, is requested to send us, in confidence, his name and address.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See page iii. of Cover.

TO the smoker of appre-ciative palate there is a charm in

Chairman

that is without parallel. Its fragrance is pleasing, its flavour wholly satisfying, and its smoking so peculiarly cool that it never burns the tongue, however much it is smoked.

Boardman's

is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder

the same, but fuller flavoured.

These tobaccos are packed very free from moisture and their fine aroma is due solely to the perfect blending of the leaf used and not to any added scent.

6d. per oz. in 1 and 2 oz. packets and larger tins, from tobacconists everywhere.

R. J. LEA Limited, Manchester.

22a

Sozodont

No dentifrice has so lasting effect as Sozodont. Used night and morning, its antiseptic properties keep the mouth and teeth clean and fresh all the time.

And Sozodont is as good for artifical teeth as for natural. It removes all harmful secretions, does not damage the enamel or tarnish the gold work.

Use it to-day and every day—it makes for good health.

Sozodont is in three forms—powder, liquid, and paste, each equally effective. Try the powder first; it meets the requirements of most people.

In 6d. and 1s. sizes. From Chemists, Druggists, and Stores.

Trial Sample sent free on receipt of penny stamp and name and address of chemist.

HALL & RUCKEL
London: 26, Holborn, E.C.

Manchester:
111, Corporation Street.

PER 6D. TIN

A 12

A Warmer Gown for the Colder - - Mornings.

Dressing Gowns; made in soft, warm, fleecy fabrics; cut large and full, edges corded, girdle to match. They are in four colours, Dark Red, Dark Green, Grey, and Fawn, and in heavy diagonal patterns. These gowns are fine examples of the value offered by the House of Selfridge, and amply justify our claim to sell at "London's Lowest Prices."

All sizes in stock. Parcs *Send for patterns.* **30/-**

Slipper Comfort is assured with our softly fitting Grecian style Slippers. They are hand-sewn in a rich Tan Ooze Calf Leather on strong well-wearing soles without heels, and are most wonderful value at **10/9**

Selfridge's

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A Thought for To-Day.

THIS IS IT:

If you desire to be well-informed in business matters—one who can develop, direct, and utilise all the talents necessary to reap the fullest benefit your business or profession is capable of yielding—read the following books:—

"The Card Index."
"Systematic Memory."
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"What Editors Want."
"Advertising That Tells."
"The Art of Typewriting."
"How to do More Business."
"How to Write for the Press."
"Letters That Bring Business."
"Everyone has Something to Sell."
"How to Compose Business Letters."
"Dr. O'Connor's Esperanto Made Easy."

1/- net; or, in cloth, 1/6, net, each, post free.

GUILBERT PITMAN, 2, Newlands, Coombe Rd., Croydon.

Riley's Billiard Tables.

Made in sizes to fit any room, yet so scientifically designed and built that, no matter what the size, the game played on each table is the correct full-size table game. You can have a seven days' free trial at our expense. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables to fit on your own dining table from £3/7/6. The 6ft. 4in. size, £5/5/0, is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S Combined Billiard and Dining Tables from £13/10/0 to £24/10/0. Prices include all accessories, carriage paid to nearest railway station. *Cash or easy payments.*

Free on receipt of post-card, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Crown Billiard Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

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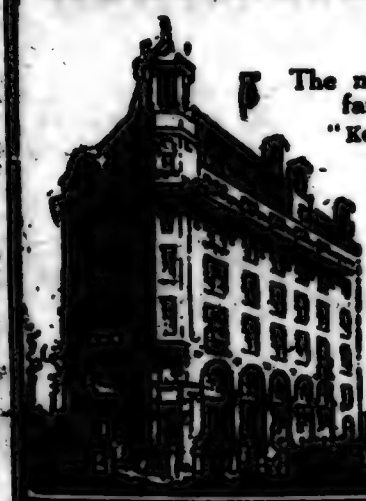
KINGSWAY.



The new London home of the world-famous "Koh-i-noor" Pencils.

"Koh-i-noor" Pencils are 4d. each or 2/6 per doz. Of Stationers, &c.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London. (Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Milan, Brussels' New York.)

"Koh-i-noor" Pocket Propelling Pencils are made in a variety of distinctive and novel styles from 6d. each.

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Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The Famous NATURAL Aperient Water

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Does the loser call it "Waltham's-toe"?
Is the Post Office move a good one?
What are Lloyd George's views on the "freedom" of the Press?
Isn't "blank" forms what the publican calls them?
Why not let him be Left-tenant Sutor?
Has the Army Council confused "arrest" with "a rest"?
Is Judge Parry's new play a legal light comedy?
Wasn't "She's ma Daisy" a popular song at Newmarket last week?
Has "The Liars" been revived because there is so much truth in it?
Could Manoel have been so easily changed had he been a bad sovereign?
Oughtn't the Excise Department—said to be overworked—to be called the Record Office?

Queen Amelia has not received her wardrobe from Portugal, we read. They might have allowed her bare necessities.

Spinning Coin won a race at Nottingham. By a head, no doubt.

The British Drama is in a bad way, we are told. Apparently, what our dramatists do write, is wrong.

"Few people can manage parcels," says the *Globe*. And these few are not of the male sex.

The best motto for a tradesman:—"Mind Your Own Business."

"Playing at Anarchists," reads a heading. Rather a dangerous game.

The mysterious disease at Preston is said to be due to rats. If so, the remedy, like the malady, is catching.

"Don't be careless of the pence of love," says E. V. Lucas. Nor of the expense, let us add.

Preston police hid in packing cases to arrest a street bookmaker. If only he could have "*nailed*" *them!*

"Anybody can preach," says Mr. Ernest Blaine. Yes, it doesn't even necessitate practice.

"£5,250 for Curing a Cold," reads a headline. Didn't the bill make the patient shiver?

According to the *Electrical Times*, Piccadilly Circus is the best lighted spot in the Empire. But there are some shady localities close by.

"Any fool can answer questions," says the Bishop of Kensington. Yes, the wise man is he who can dodge them.

The Dirty Fair recently held at Market Drayton, is, we presume, a "good old annual."

It is reported from Paris that the hobble skirt is doomed. It is on its last legs.

"British Drama Stagnant," is the title of an article. We want some stirring plays.

"The people who never do anything never make mistakes," says Councillor A. Barton. But isn't it a mistake to be idle?

A puzzled foreigner wants to know how the minute hands of Liverpool's new clock, which are to be 14 ft. long, can be minute? Oh, for a Business language.

The joke which nearly killed an eminent American judge was evidently no laughing matter.

The scheme of lectures instituted by a large West End firm should prove of assistance to the assistants.

The Lord Mayor's Show is to be a Shakespeare pageant. Much ado about nothing?

Workmen have discovered valuable jewels in the roots of a tree, near Liverpool. Oaks?

"Prophet" Baxter has left £52,234. A good profit.

If M.P.'s are paid, will there be any Independent members?

Will Rockefeller be the next Ex-ile King?

"A Candid Peer," says a *Daily News* heading. Something sweet about a lord at last.

"I am not a Boy Scout myself," the Speaker admitted recently. But he has to "look out," all the same.

A Rest Day for firemen is suggested. Don't they play enough?

Books to be Shelved:—
"The Gates." Well worth opening.
"The Art of Publicity." Not by Hall Caine!
"True all Through." Fiction, obviously.
"The Game of Life." Has too many players.
"The Patchwork Papers." Very well put together.
"Grit." We admire the author's.
"The Mean-Wells." Suggestive of dryness.
"The Dawn of Character." Why not "The Son-rise"?
"The Second Post." The letters bear the right stamp.
"The Number of Man." Number One, of course.
"Business Building." A capital subject.
"Pilgrim Songs." The notes are excellent.
"A Little Listener." The tales are well told.
"The Man of the Party Press." The hero should try politics.

FREE TO EVERY READER OF 'JOHN BULL."

THE NEW WINTER NUMBER OF THE GREAT MEN'S MAGAZINE "FASHIONS FOR MEN."

IT TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT THE LATEST STYLES IN SUITS AND OVERCOATS, AND SHOWS YOU HOW TO DRESS IN WEST-END CUT CLOTHES AT HALF THE USUAL COST. WRITE FOR A GRATIS COPY TO-DAY.

Free to-day to readers of John Bull is one of the finest and most useful magazines that has ever been published for men. It is called "Fashions for Men," and tells you all about the latest styles in suits and overcoats, what the best-dressed men are now wearing, and how you can dress in West-End cut clothes at half the price you give now.

The above illustration shows the immense difference clothes make in a man's appearance. The figure on the left is that of one who buys his clothes at an ordinary tailor's; the one on the right is a reader of "Fashions for Men," and goes to the "Rego West-End Tailors" for his suits and overcoats. He is well and fashionably dressed. The other is neither. Yet he has probably given more money for his clothes. This fine magazine, "Fashions for Men," is free to all readers of John Bull *who want to dress well at little expense.*

No fewer than 16 full-page plates are given with this Winter's number of *Fashions for Men*. They illustrate all those important changes of detail which make all the difference between clothes "in the fashion" and clothes "out of date."

Amongst the latest triumphs of modern "Rego" tailoring thus illustrated and described in *Fashions for Men* are the:—

"Cheapside" Frock-Overcoat
"Olympic" Overcoat.
"Knightsbridge" Chesterfield.
"Richmond" Semi-Motor-Overcoat.
"Piccadilly" Morning Suit.
"Westminster" Lounge Suit
"Holborn" Dress Suit.
"Regent" Overcoat.
"Vanderbilt" Melton.
"Brooklands" Motorcoat.
"Savoy" Frock-coat.
"Brighton" Double-Breasted Coat.
"Washington" American-Cut Suit.

Whilst articles, and hints on the latest masculine modes immensely add to the intense interest of the current issue.

Fashions for Men is published at 3d., but readers of John Bull are given the opportunity this week of securing it free.

It shows how you can have your clothes cut by the finest West-End cutter in the world, and yet get two suits or two overcoats made to your measure for the price of one. It shows you how to get on in the world by dressing better, and at the same time save money on your clothes.

Call or write for a free copy of *Fashions for Men* to any of the addresses below.

They are the clothes centres of well-dressed London men, and if you live in the Metropolis one is sure to be near either your home or your place of business. Call there to-day for your free copy of *Fashions for Men*. If you live out of London, write to the "Rego" Headquarters, 122, Cheapside, London, E.C., and the magazine will be posted you at once.

Only a few copies of this great magazine are left. Thousands of applications are anticipated. So if you want a copy, write or call for it to-day, before all are gone.

J. W. Rosenberg
REGO CLOTHIERS, LTD.

LONDON, E.C., (Dept. M.) 122, Cheapside (New City Headquarters).
LONDON, W.C., 230, High Holborn.
LONDON, W., 223, Edgware Road.
LONDON, N., 223, Pentonville Road.
BRIXTON, 18, Atlantic Road.
CAMDEN TOWN, 183, High Street.
WALHAM GREEN, 14, The Broadway.
HAMMERSMITH, 169, King Street.
KING'S CROSS, 42, Caledonian Road.
HIGHGATE, 691, Holloway Road.
CLAPHAM JUNCTION, 37, St. John's Road.
FINSBURY PARK, 159, Seven Sisters Road.
ALDGATE, 19-20, Aldgate.
PUTNEY, 31, High Street.
RICHMOND, 49, George Street
DEPTFORD, 3, Broadway.

TURKISH BATH TALKS.

This is the time of the year when I grow insistent about the merits of Turkish Bathing in general, and my Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet in particular. Last year, instead of making ponderous, stilted and bombastic statements about my Turkish Bath Cabinet, I decided to talk frankly to every reader—just as I would talk to him if he came to my showroom, or if we met socially.

I have a speciality to sell which has sheer merit—downright honest merit—in it for all who want to husband their health. I want everyone to know this and so adopt a plain, straightforward method of telling my business story.

I am an advertiser, and I have something to sell. You are the best judge of the value to you of what I have to sell. If you buy, I make a profit. But in making that profit I maintain that I sell something that you ought not to be without.

This is what I have to sell—the Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet. It is a portable, foldable, Turkish bath for use in the house, complete in itself, always ready for use, and including the necessary heating apparatus.

It is made of durable antiseptic material in my own little factory in London. It takes up little or no room. It last a lifetime. It can be made ready in a minute in any room in your house. It gives all the benefits to be derived from the public Turkish Bath.

A Turkish Bath in the ordinary way costs 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. for one bath—and small gratuities are expected. One Turkish Bath a week at 2s. 6d. per time would cost you £6 10s. a year. My Gem Cabinet costs 30s., and you can take as many Turkish baths as you like for years. The only extra cost is a matter of pence for spirit to feed the heating apparatus.

The Turkish Bath is a necessity if perfect health is to be maintained; it is also a cure for much ill-health. Health depends on a free action of the pores of the skin—which means that every one of hundreds of thousands of pores must do its work of eliminating the poisons which are cast into the blood by the wear and tear of the tissues of the body—the building and rebuilding process which is always going on. Without Turkish bathing these pores become clogged with the poisons exhaled by the skin, with the grease of soap, with dust and dirt. A Turkish Bath keeps the pores open.

Much ill-health is due to poisons in the system—in the blood. Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, are all symptoms of uric-acid poisoning. Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, and all the kindred symptoms of nervous trouble are due to a poisoned life stream. Susceptibility to cold and influenza is due to a lowering of the tone of the system. The tired feeling which comes to many, exhaustion, sleeplessness, and all the minor troubles which are expressed by the phrase "under par" are due to the simple fact that the blood is flagging and impure.

Now, Turkish Bathing keeps the blood pure. In the cure of all the above diseases it helps Nature to take the first step; it is a step that must be taken before people can be well. There is no doubt that Turkish bathing will keep you well, if you are well—will help you to get better if you are ill.

It is not a matter of what I say because I want your money. It is so! It is a fact that everyone knows who has studied the circulation of the blood.

When you use the Gem Turkish Bath, what happens is this.

You get home tired. Perhaps there is a twinge of the old enemy—rheumatism. Your muscles ache. You are bodily weary. You sit in the Cabinet for half an hour. The warmth speedily acts on your skin. You begin to perspire gradually. As the temperature rises, you perspire freely. A few minutes of free perspiration works wonders. You open the Turkish Bath, wash in tepid water, complete with a cold sponge—and you will be a new man or woman! You will feel better, brighter, stronger—refreshed as if you had risen from a dreamless slumber.

Don't bother about whether I want your money. You can have the Bath, and can test every word of this statement on your own system. If you say that the Bath is not worth the money to you—does not do what I say it will do—send the Bath back.

These are my terms. The Bath costs 30s. You pay in one sum in cash on my guarantee that the Gem Bath will do what I say it does, and if it does not, and you say so within ten days, I return your 30s. You can make an initial payment of 10s., and pay me five monthly instalments of 4s. 6d. By this method of easy payment I do not give a free trial, and the Bath costs you 32s. 6d., but it is worth every penny of it. I cannot make you a fairer offer. I am a trader, and want a profit on what I sell. But if you test the thing itself and think it is unsatisfactory, you are not committing yourself to the shadow of a possibility of loss, for I will refund your money.

Ladies and gentlemen, the winter season approaches, and you need this Bath. It is going to be a comfort to you—a source of protection, a watch-dog against disease. Don't shelve the matter, but at least let me send you my 100pp. Booklet, post-free.

Money orders and cheques should be made payable to my company, The Gem N Supplies Company, Limited, 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road (near Gas Office), London, E.C.

The Turkish Bath Man.

A FEW WORDS IN CONFIDENCE

A GOOD APPEARANCE always commands respect. If you let your appearance run down and are satisfied to turn yourself out slovenly and untidy instead of smart and up-to-date, then you can't blame other people if they take you at your own estimate.

Our New "RIVERSIDE" Style embodies all the points which make for Overcoat perfection; the coat is skilfully cut and hangs in perfect balance from the shoulders. Made slightly loose in the back, it fits the figure easily, and conforms in every essential to the prevailing fashion. The pocket accommodation includes two roomy side-pockets, two inside breast and a ticket pocket. The foundation work is thoroughly substantial; the linings and trimmings are superior, and the finish of every detail reaches a standard of excellence which belongs to really first-class tailoring.

WE DELIVER

this stylish gentlemanly Coat to all approved orders, made exactly to your measures,

FOR ONLY **2/6** WITH ORDER

and a promise to pay 2/6 on delivery, if the material, tailoring, fit and finish are entirely satisfactory; the balance is payable in five monthly instalments of 5/-

SEND A POST CARD for Patterns and we will send you per return a well-chosen selection of Stylish & Hard-wearing Overcoating Patterns cut from a variety of Handsome Yorkshire Cheviots and Strong warm Tweed Cloths in all the fashionable designs. Our simple measurement instructions will be included.

STYLISH AUTUMN SUITS

35/- 42/- and 45/-

Send Post Card for our Suiting Patterns which comprise a splendid variety of carefully selected materials chosen with experienced judgment at most economical prices and convenient terms.

J.B. **GRAVES** Ltd.

SHEFFIELD.

PARKER'S NONWETTO WATERPROOFS

19/6 to 21/- 19/6 to 21/-

Guaranteed thoroughly Waterproof or money back. Proofed with best rubber, which will not crumble off, and free from smell and stickiness. Cut full to allow for ventilation and easy movement. Unaffected by climate. Post free British Empire and Europe. Write for patterns, designs, and Catalogue to-day.

Cycling Capes, 33 in. only 2/9½ post free. 36 in., 3/6, 39 in., 3/11, 42 in. long, 4/6. In Fawn, Navy or Grey, 36 in., 5/6, 39 in., 5/11, 42 in. 6/11.

Pneumatic Capes, 3/- extra to these prices.

PARKER'S, Proofers, Dept. J.B. Lancaster.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only* THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded. He will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

"JOHN BULLITE" (Stuttgart).—Sorry you have had to leave the Old Country, but glad to know your prospects "with a few English workmen, assisted by some German men, women, and boys," are good. Quite agree about the working of the Aliens Act, but cannot spare space for the subject just now.

"INTERESTED" (Stockwell).—You really must look up both your Bible and Prayer-book. You will find plenty about his Satanic Majesty, and a reference to the Litany will give you the origin of the heading to our Editorial Notes.

A. G. T. (Blackwall).—How on earth can we tell you whether it is "a fact that sugar is sometimes produced from rags and paper"?

"JUSTICE" (Stockwell).—We have enquired, and find that it is only the wrapper which is included in the weight of Lipton's packets of cocoa, and that this fact is clearly stated on the label. The cards were put in as an advertisement, and were not weighed.

J. H. C. N. (Portland), M. H. M. (London), and others.—No connection with the shop next door.

"THANKFUL" (Nottingham).—Your *nom de plume* is a little premature. We can not recommend you to a specialist for diseases of the head. Look at Jim Crow!

A. B. C. (Golder's Green).—How can we tell you whether Prince Arthur of Connaught was engaged to the lady you mention?

J. M. (Belvedere).—Don't you see a difference between a so-called philanthropic institution which is supported by public subscriptions and one which is openly run as a business matter, in order to make a profit?

J. D. J. (Blackwood).—Stay at home, and give the Old Country a chance. They do not want you out there.

F. W. S. (Wellingborough).—Your letter is a proof that political fanaticism is often as violent as religious mania.

E. C. (Pinner) has a friend who took some lodgings and left his card with the landlady. He travels for a brewery firm, so the landlady wrote at once that she could not entertain anyone "even remotely connected with the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor." We congratulate him on her promptitude.

E. L. F. (Blackpool).—What makes you think his real name is not James Crow? Send up the stakes, and Jim will hold them—liquefied.

J. P. H. (Cardiff) enquires about the Cambridge Academy of Music.

J. D. (Swansea) asks if there are "spiritual leaders interested in the drink traffic." It sounds appropriate.

"ATHENIAN" complains of the bullying behaviour of the Aston (Birmingham) police.

C. E. A. (Lewisham).—We never imagined that all religious people were necessarily Kill-joys.

S. T. C. (Bristol) is a "missioner" who wonders if we have the courage to print his poems in our next issue. Alas! we are only brave enough to give one stanza of "A Warning Voice to the British Empire":—

> Invasion, oh! may God put forth His pow'r,
> And save us from the slaughter of an hour
> Unparalleled in history's great record,
> The very hint of which should be abhorr'd.

Meanwhile, we suggest his contributing to the *National Review*.

F. H. B. C. (Tooting) says solicitors' clerks have a trade union in the London Law Clerks' Association (55 & 56, Chancery Lane). But we have not heard much of its activities.

"RATEPAYER" (Hackney) asks why we want juries if coroners tell them what to do. Well, they needn't do it.

"ACTIVE" (Victoria Docks) complains of the conditions of employment of the Port of London police. Their maximum pay is 33s. a week, and at 65 they are pensioned off at 5s. a week, which they have subscribed themselves out of their wages.

W. B. C. (Birmingham) suggests "Crow's Cogitations" as a title for Jim's threatened book.

"FAIRPLAY" (Aberdeen) writes to tell Crow to bring his own drink, and asks, "Who told you about our poor Aberdeen whisky?" That knocks the kilt off somebody's gingerbread.

S. J. (Edmonton) says: "There has been no advance in medicine (or art, or religion) for the past 300 years. The introduction of drugs in place of natural medicine has not only done no good, but introduced a number of diseases, such as cancer." As to anti-diphtheritic serum, he adds: "What you would get from the throat of a horse, I would get from the throat of grass." Yes, but the horse eats the grass.

P. L. (Trinity Wharf).—We don't advise Hamburg lotteries, but don't believe they are actually dishonest.

"CONSTANT READER" wants us to publish matrimonial advertisements, but surely there are more romantic forms of courtship.

G. W. (Regent's Park) points out an obvious misprint in JOHN BULL, and kindly says: "You will, of course, quite understand that I do not attribute the error to you personally, but consider it to be merely a careless printer's error, as are the majority of items for which you give biscuits." And we innocently imagined that most of our biscuits were comic!

A. G. G. (Brighton) says Canadians need a Business Government quite as much as we do. Is that possible?

"LEAGUE MEMBER" (Whitby).—Thanks for the kiss at the end of your letter. Don't hurry out to British Columbia. There may not be much gold, after all.

F. H. B. (Kelvedon).—6d. was not a huge reward for pulling a motor out of a ditch, but perhaps the owner would say he was badly hit by the Budget.

E. T. (Cowes) wants literature about conscription. He will find all he wants in JOHN BULL.

H. F. (Glasgow).—We can't accuse firms of "white slavery" without fuller evidence, and your address is too vague to be of use to us in the event of a libel action.

D. A. (Hochheim) quotes from the *Allgemeiner Anzeiger* (Erfurt): "Weather Report.—Cloudier than before, mostly either dry or rain." That is even more cautious than our own Meteorological Office.

(*Continued on page 738.*)

BUCHANAN'S
Scotch Whisky

"BLACK & WHITE."

This is YOUR opportunity.
Send a postcard immediately for
"BROCHURE ON MONEY-MAKING."
Gratis and Post Free.
THOMPSON BROS., Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, S.W.
Telegrams: "Fulciment, London."
Telephone: Gerrard 1393.
IT COSTS NOTHING, AND MUST INTEREST YOU.

Curtail Expenses

by sending us your last winter's suit to be cleaned and pressed.

No doubt it looks unwearable NOW, but when—after four days—we return it to you, spotless and creaseless, fresh looking and smart, you will be agreeably surprised to find that by the expenditure of 3/9 (our fixed charge) you can save the cost of a new suit.

Drop us a postcard and we will send you a copy of our booklet, "Clothes and the Man," and the address of nearest branch or agency.

ACHILLE SERRE, Ltd.
(Nettoyage a Sec)
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON.
Telephone: 1235 East.
Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct.

GENUINE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

High-class Modern and Antique Furniture, at Exceptionally Low Prices, for Cash or by Gradual Payments.

PURCHASED FROM VARIOUS PRIVATE SOURCES.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—At the suggestion of many of our customers, we have decided to open a second-hand department, which will be carried on at our premises, 15 to 23, Southampton Row, and also at our extensive warehouse, pending other arrangements.

Please take note that we, the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., do not run this department as a so-called depository, but as a branch of our own business, and under our own name.

The great demand that there is for good and genuine second-hand furniture, and the knowledge that we can supply same is our reason for opening this fresh department.

MIDLAND FURNISHING CO., LTD. Second-hand Department. Amongst the goods for sale are:—5 solid oak armchairs with rush seats and finished antique colour, 18s. 6d. each (worth double); drawing-room suite, consisting of large settee, two very large easy chairs and four small chairs, covered with very handsome tapestry, £8 8s. (worth £16 16s.); very handsome 3-piece drawing-room suite, consisting of double drop end Chesterfield, large size divan easy chair and large wing ditto, upholstered in Rose du Barry colour tapestry, £8 8s. (worth £18 18s.); 5-piece French drawing-room suite with gilt frames and upholstered in silk tapestry, £18 18s. (worth £40); 6-ft. mahogany Sheraton-style bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe with two large plate-glass doors, drawers and cupboards in centre, large dressing table, washstand and three cane-seat chairs, £28 18s. 6d. (worth £40); very handsome dining-room suite, solid oak frames and upholstered in Morocco, comprising:—Stuff-over couch, two large easy chairs and six upholstered back small chairs, £15 15s. (worth £40); very handsome walnut settee with rush seat, £3 3s. (worth £6 6s.); mahogany occasional table, Chippendale style, with six legs, £1 10s.; mahogany occasional table, with eight legs, very handsome, £1 10s, mahogany occasional table, Chippendale style, with six legs, £1 5s.; very large oak bookcase, with drawers and cupboard below and fitted leaded lights in doors above, £7 17s. 6d. (worth £11 11s.); 7-piece drawing-room suite, Louis style, comprising large settee, two large easy chairs and four small chairs, upholstered in blue silk tapestry, £9 9s. (worth £14 14s.); very large oak settle, finished antique, £3 3s. (worth £6 6s.); pair bronze figures, 10s. 6d.; very large and handsome oak hall-stand, with seat fitted in centre, £6 6s. (worth £10 10s.); ditto, ditto, £6 6s. (worth £10 10s.); 4-ft. fumed oak wardrobe, with large bevelled plate door, £4 17s. 6d. (worth £7 7s.); dressing chest with bevelled plate and side glasses, washstand with marble top and tiled back, polished Chippendale colour, £5 5s. pair; 6-ft. mahogany Sheraton style bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe, with two large bevelled plate doors, drawers and cupboard in centre, large dressing-table with landscape glass attached, washstand with marble top and back, and three cane-seat chairs, £37 10s. (worth £60); dressing chest with landscape mirror and side reflecting mirrors, washstand, marble top and back with towel rails attached, polished Chippendale colour, £6 6s. (worth £12); 4 ft. 6 in. oak sideboard with long bevelled mirror to back, fitted drawers and cupboards under, £5 5s.; satin walnut gent.'s wardrobe, fitted for hanging in top part and drawers under, a bargain, £6 16s. 6d.; 4-ft. bedroom suite, polished Chippendale colour, comprising wardrobe, dressing chest with side reflecting mirrors, washstand and two cane-seat chairs, £17 17s. (worth £25); very large wing divan easy chair, upholstered in green corded velvet, £4 4s. (cost £10 10s.).

We allow 5 per cent. discount for cash, but if you do not wish to pay ready money, you may take advantage of our well-known Gradual Payment System, and have the payments spread over one, two or three years, without one halfpenny extra charge or added interest whatsoever. No deposit is required.

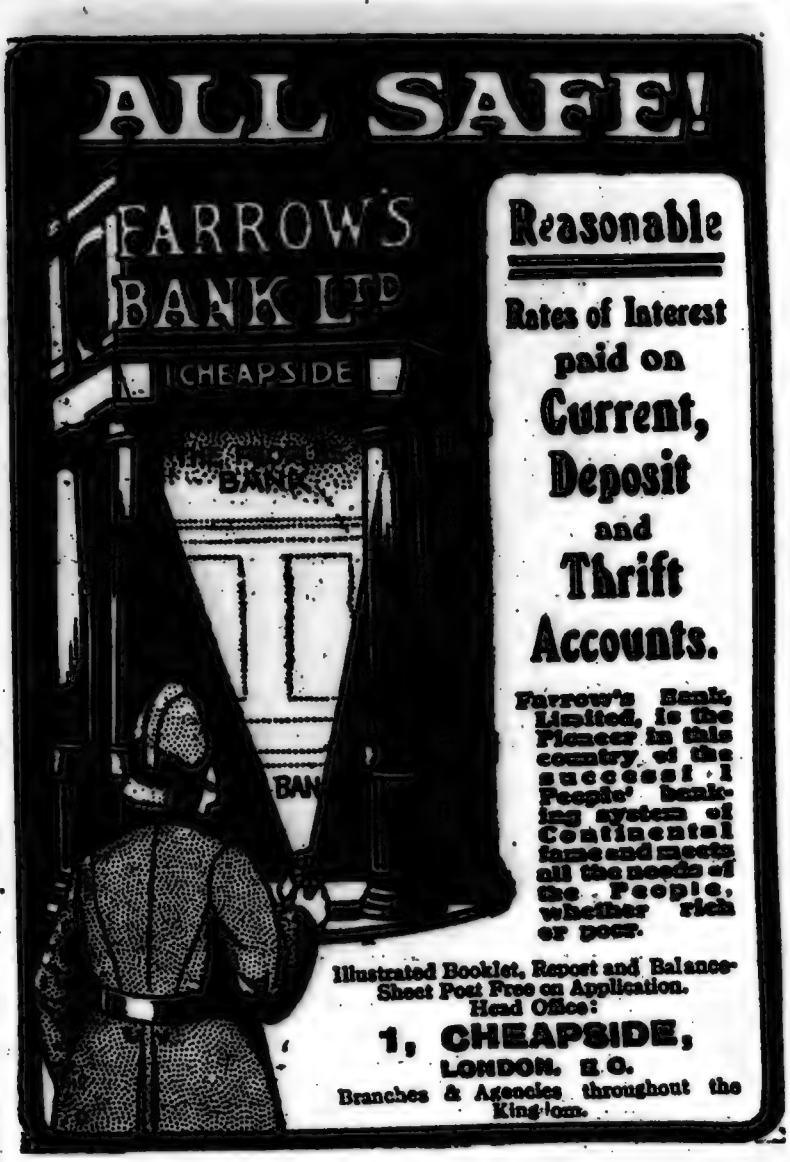
This is an advantage that the so-called depositories cannot and will not give.

THE MIDLAND FURNISHING Co., Ltd.,

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

We buy second-hand furniture to any extent. Catalogues are now ready.

All country orders are packed free and carriage paid.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Farrow's Bank, Limited, is the Pioneer in this country of the success of Peoples' banking system of Continental fame and meets all the needs of the People, whether rich or poor.
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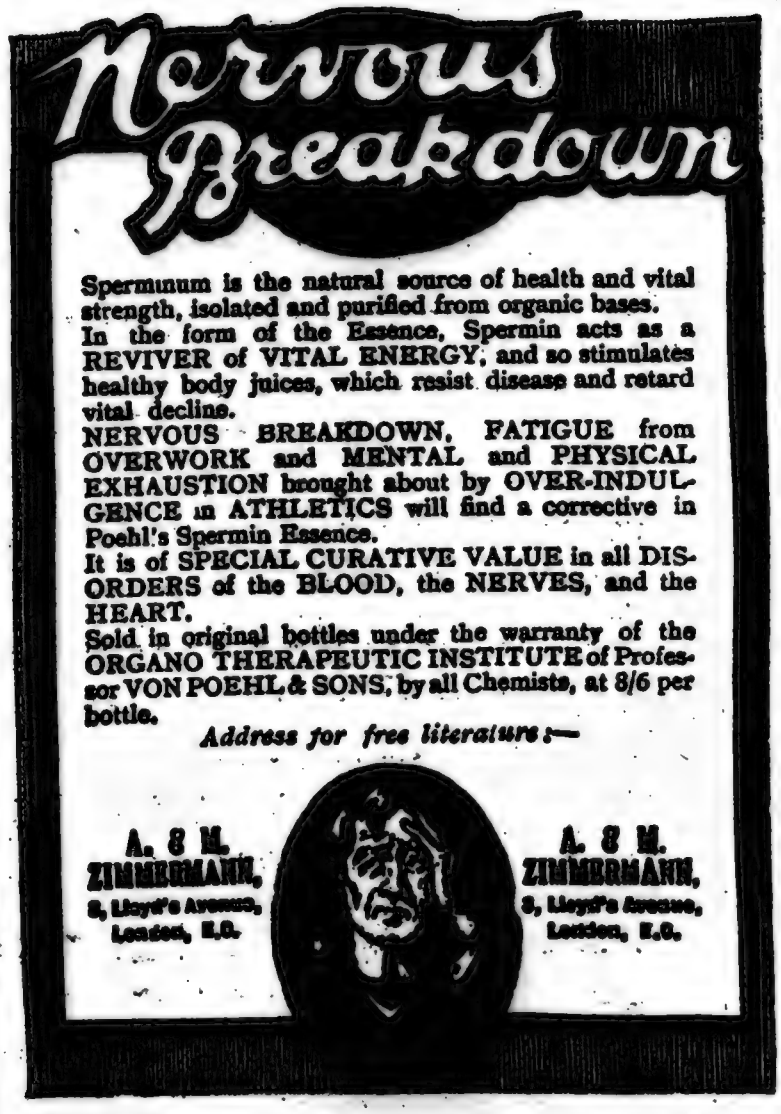

Nervous Breakdown
Sperminum is the natural source of health and vital strength, isolated and purified from organic bases.
In the form of the Essence, Spermin acts as a REVIVER of VITAL ENERGY, and so stimulates healthy body juices, which resist disease and retard vital decline.
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, FATIGUE from OVERWORK and MENTAL and PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION brought about by OVER-INDULGENCE in ATHLETICS will find a corrective in Poehl's Spermin Essence.
It is of SPECIAL CURATIVE VALUE in all DISORDERS of the BLOOD, the NERVES, and the HEART.
Sold in original bottles under the warranty of the ORGANO THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE of Professor VON POEHL & SONS, by all Chemists, at 8/6 per bottle.
Address for free literature:—
A. & M. ZIMMERMANN, 8, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.
A. & M. ZIMMERMANN, 8, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

Mr. M. LEBERMAN, of 154, Hanbury Street, Mile End, has satisfied us that the complaint made against him in a paragraph recently published in this journal under the head of "Why They Fail," is without foundation, and that he carries on his business in a respectable and legitimate manner.

J. O N. (Manchester) endorses Jim Crow's views about officers. One of them stole his reserved seat at a boxing match in the Jubilee Hall at Rangoon. "So," says our correspondent, "to avoid a scene I commandeered a stall immediately behind my own, and, leaning over, showed him the numbered slip corresponding to my seat. With a great physical effort he turned round and remarked, 'Go to Hell.' Seeing that I had mistaken this loathsome mass of spotted and unhealthy flesh for a gentleman, and had treated him as such, I was considerably annoyed. The other end, who had ears like an African elephant, sniggered, and seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of a civilian merely in evening dress. Had it not been for the presence of their Colonel, I should have had pleasure in knocking their heads together." His experience 's that all naval officers are "gentlemen in every sense of the word," but military officers are often "unspeakable bounders and cads." As to the privates, "a nicer lot of men it would be hard to find." Our correspondent evidently has the courage of his convictions.

W. H. v. D. complains of the Grosvenor Governess and Domestic Agency, 22, Buckingham Palace Road. They advertise in the newspapers, collect booking fees, and that seemed to be the end of their energies so far as our correspondent was concerned.

"FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY" inform us that the Ealing shopkeepers are giving a special display of British-made goods, and keeping open till 9.30 or 10 p.m. as well as on the usual half-holiday. This ought to make home produce very popular among the assistants.

"SMITHFIELD" (Sydenham).—Certainly a conviction for murder could be obtained without the body being produced. There have been convictions for murder when the body was still alive.

"EUREKA" was visited by a man calling himself A. B. Cole, who said he was a representative of the Yorkshire Manufacturing Cloth Company, Lumb Lane, Bradford, exhibited a printed order form, and took 2s. 6d. on account of a guinea suit. In process of time our correspondent wrote to enquire about the suit, but his letter was returned to him, marked "Not known."

S. B. (Southampton) complains of the "disappearance of a photographer named E. Morter, Military Road, Colchester."

C. C. wants us to welcome King Manoel and his suite, also King Alfonso. Certainly, if he will also abdicate.

"CONSTANT READER" writes rather rudely about our denial of the possibility of ten days in one week, and gives us various examples of words being used in a technical sense—for instance, the compositor's chapel. But all slang is not ridiculous.

H. D. (Manchester) admits that the Territorial system is a failure, "even compared with the old Volunteer system," but he thinks this is "no fault of the present citizen soldier, who is useful enough so long as he can handle a rifle correctly and knows how to march, even if he is not by any means a modern Goliath or Samson." Quite true, but criticism serves to stir people up.

A. D. S. (Hereford) feels certain that Mary Meadows has been disappointed in love. He exclaims, "Surely men are not all bad!" All right, we are asking Mary to tell *Mrs. Bull* about some of her flirtations.

H. J. B. (Eccles) wants us to comment on some cuttings which he omits to enclose. He informs us that the Salvation Army are conducting a vigorous campaign against us there, and that a captain shouted out that he would like to have us in the ring for ten minutes. For two hours and forty minutes if he likes, à la Zbysco.

A. C. C. (Prestwich) defends Regulars as instructors of Territorials, and says they are appointed as a reward for long and meritorious service. Surely not always? We could mention a case or two to the contrary.

H. G. (Aglie, Italy) says the King of Italy cannot help being mean in appearance, and that his household economies ought to be admired, because his savings go to help the needy of his nation. That is all very well so far as it goes, but he need not make himself quite so conspicuous by his parsimony.

H. S. (Clapton) says it is unfair of Jim Crow to criticise the Canadian Rifles, because "these young fellows have travelled thousands of miles to pay us this visit, have been hospitably received and entertained, enjoyed their holiday, and behaved themselves properly." Still, they might just as well have held their heads up and tried to keep step.

J. L. B. (Brixton) thinks it noble of ex-Mr. Roosevelt to risk his life hunting big game. Yes, perhaps, but our complaint is that he kills off giraffes and other animals which are rapidly becoming extinct. As to our phrase, "ex-Mr. Roosevelt," J. L. B. asks "has he changed his sex?" No such luck.

W. H. L. (Brighton), and others, offer to give us the name and address of the perpetrator of that recent pun about Crippen's brandy and seltzer. But what we want is the man's head!

A. H. (Dalston) enquires about Plant & Co. (412, Stockport Road, Manchester), who are carrying on the "gas mantle trick." As we have before remarked, the firm is appropriately named.

J. A. C. (Clapham).—To qualify for the two guineas, the production of the cover, or sufficient thereof for identification purposes, is absolutely necessary. The duplication of the number on the Christmas Present Coupon would entail an enormous expense.

C. B. (Southall).—We have heard discouraging reports of bioscope schools, and are enquiring about them.

F. S. (Poplar) complains that Stephens, of West Drayton, who advertises cock canaries, sends hens. He says if you remonstrate he offers to refund if you send back the hens, but this is not worth while if you have to pay carriage both ways.

C. T. (Clapton) sends the result of the Dominican Convent (Wicklow) lottery, and points out that the £100 prize does not seem to have been awarded at all, at all. Perhaps the Reverend Mother will kindly explain.

M. McA. (Rayleigh) says the British seaman is not being gradually shunted out of British ships.

J. J. B. (Southsea) says that the leading advocates of conscription are retired officers of the Army and Navy. Did you ever hear of the fox who lost his tail?

One of our readers borrowed £10 from Christian Brothers (294, Pentonville Road, King's Cross), and repaid £14 1s. 3d. in 5½ months. Next time he had better go to the Jews.

S. H. (Edgbaston) thinks we should remember that the clergy have to "play their part in Society." We do not seem to remember any such phrase in the New Testament.

S. H. W. (Blackpool) wishes to know our "politics and religion." If he will tell us what he means by the phrase we will do our best to give him an answer. From the form of his question, however, it would appear that he regards politics in the same light as religious creed, and that he would be quite unable to understand us, if we said, that our politics consist of doing the best we can for the good of the community.

"A LABOURER'S WIFE" sends us a list, consisting of 19 paragraphs, defining the duties of an engine-man to the Leith Public Hospital. It knocks the Littleport parson into a cocked hat!

W. H. B. (Cape Colony) complains of the elaborate arrangements adopted by the Government for the education of the natives, whilst the children of the white population are, in certain districts, left practically unprovided for. This should delight the heart of Keir Hardie!

J. C. (Bedford).—We certainly do not follow the connection between the *Daily Chronicle* and Lipton's. The *Daily News* and Cadbury's we are accustomed to.

G. H. P. (Hastings).—What do you mean by "keeping company" with the young lady? Are you proposing to marry her?

B. C. J. (Hove).—We are afraid that if we commenced writing Open Letters to everybody who said rude things about their political opponents, we should have to increase our size very considerably. Your best way of showing your amusement at the conduct of the publican in question is not to patronise his house.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies, but we hope during the next few weeks to work off many arrears.

Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa.

Special Free Sample Offer to Readers.

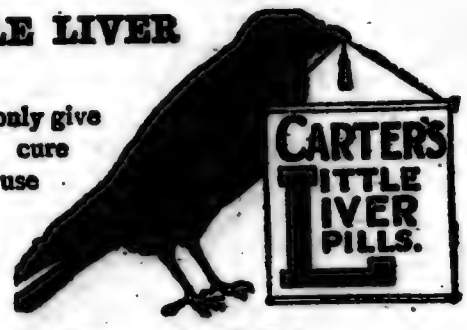
For Growing Children, Dyspeptics, Brain Workers, Aged People and Invalids.

Upon receipt of letter or postcard, the Manufacturers of Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa, Victoria Works, Watford, Herts, will be pleased to forward a Sample of this ideal Family Food Beverage, so that all readers of this publication can fully test its merits. Sold by all chemists and stores in 6d., 9d., and 1/6 tins.

The Army of Constipation

IS GROWING SMALLER EVERY DAY.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS



are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure **Constipation.** Millions use them for **Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.**

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear Signature.

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"Experience Teaches."

Give your own judgment an opportunity to confirm that of the many others who from experience continue day after day to use

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In tins, 6d., 1/- & 1/6; sprinkler jars, 1/- nett. For Free sample send 1d. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & Co. (J.B. Dept.), MANCHESTER.

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IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE

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OFFER the FOLLOWING GENERAL HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, including DRAWING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, and BED-ROOM FURNITURE, PLATE, LINEN, CARPETS, PIANOS, &c., &c., removed from Tamworth House, Letchfield; Hollingdean Terrace, Brighton; Castlenau, Barnes; Dinsmore Road, Balham; St. Margaret's Road, Hanwell; and elsewhere. Magnificent pieces of furniture, half the original cost. No reasonable offer will be refused. The following are some of the bargains obtainable:—

The BED-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Iron bedsteads from 9s. black and brass bedsteads from 10s.; full-size black and brass bedstead 11s.; 4ft. 6in. oak bedstead, with wire mattress, 30s.; 5 oak bedsteads, 14s. 6d.; very fine pair brass twin bedsteads, £6 10s.; large-size mahogany bedstead, inlaid, with wire mattress, £3 10s.; all-brass bedstead, full size, £2 7s. 6d.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, fitted with wire mattresses, £2 19s. 6d.; pair all-brass Italian bedsteads, £6 10s.; a square-tube all-brass Italian bedstead, £3 5s.; and several others up to 20 guineas; several white-enamelled bed-room suites, from £4 5s.; oak bed-room suites, £5 10s.; three solid oak bed-room suites, with side cheval glasses to dressing-table, £5 5s. each; satin-walnut bed-room suite, with cheval wings to dressing-table, £6 10s.; a walnut bed-room suite, £7 5s.; an inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £7 10s.; a similar suite, £10 10s.; 4ft. 6in. inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £11 11s.; 5 ft. inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £15 15s.; 5ft. mahogany bed-room suite, £19 19s.; 6ft. Sheraton-design bed-room suite, 24 guineas; 6ft. mahogany bed-room suite, 27 guineas; 7ft. inlaid suite, 40 guineas; 7ft. Louis bed-room suite, most exquisite design, 80 guineas; inlaid Sheraton-design chests, from £2 2s. each.

The DINING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Most massive Elizabethan design dining-room set, consisting of sideboard, overmantel, and suite, upholstered in red leather, £15 15s.; 7ft. mahogany sideboard, £9 10s.; 20 old-design dining-room chairs, upholstered in real morocco, £1 1s. each; magnificent solid oak dining-room set, £9 10s.; oak suite, upholstered in green pegamoid, £3 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 7s.; overmantel, 45s.; Chippendale dining-room set, £10 10s.; Queen Anne mahogany dining-room set, £7 18s. 6d.; solid oak sideboard, £3 10s.; 20ft. extending dining table, £5 5s.; fumed-oak dining-room set, consisting of sideboards, six chairs, two carved chairs, overmantel, rug, &c., will accept £13 13s. lot; a most superb Chesterfield and two club large easy chairs, upholstered in green leather, £14 14s. set; a Sheraton design sideboard, £5 15s.; mahogany bookcase, £2 18s. 6d.; mahogany writing bureau, £2 2s. 6d.; several overmantels, from 15s.; about 20 dining-tables, extending different lengths, from 17s. 6d.; about 50 odd dining-room chairs, all to be sold with no reserve.

The DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Very fine drawing-room suite, £2 10s.; another elaborate drawing-room suite, £5 15s.; satin-wood drawing-room suite, £6 10s.; Sheraton design drawing-room suite, £7 10s.; most elegant French design drawing-room suite, Louis XIV., upholstered in French tapestry, £19 19s.; Chesterfield drawing-room suite, most exquisite design, £17 17s.; set of Dutch marqueterie inlaid chairs, £14 14s.; most elegant Vernis Martin cabinet, £18 18s.; another one, £10 10s.; buhl cabinet, £12 12s.; table en suite, £3 3s.; large Chesterfield, upholstered in silk, £6 6s.; two Chesterfields, £3 10s. each; Chippendale occasional tables from 10s. 6d.; Sheraton design cabinet, £2 10s.; Chippendale design cabinet, £5 10s.; two white enamelled overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; elegant piano, £7 10s.; an upright grand piano, mahogany case, nearly new with iron frame, £12 12s.; grand pianos, by Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, Collard and Collard, &c.; about 50 reversible carpets from 7s.; tapestry carpets, with border, from 14s. 6d.; also some elegant Brussels carpets, Axminster carpets, &c., from 18s. 6d. each; Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from £3 10s. each; about 10 very large Axminster-Wilton carpets from £5 5s. (worth considerably more). Great quantity of Hall Furniture. Also about six roll-top desks, from £4 7s. 6d. each; also quantity of Library and Office Furniture, about 20 vols. of books, large quantity of electro-plate, china, glass, cutlery kitchen utensils, lace curtains, bed and table linen, &c. Country buyers should call and inspect these goods. All goods delivered, town or country, free of charge, or can remain stored free for 12 months. All goods can be seen where they are now lying, for the convenience of sale, any day, from nine till nine, except Saturday, when we close at seven, at

THE NEWMAN and OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.), 92, 93, and 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.,

One door from Oxford-street, W., and three mins. from Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Circus and all principal Tubes. Telephone 1307 Central.

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DR. GORDON STABLES, M.D.—"A nerve tonic-food of the highest nutritive an digestive value. A perfect food for building up the Nervous System."

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For Bilious and Liver Complaints

of all Chemists (in square green packet), 1/1½, 2/9 per box.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS are the favourite prescription of a doctor who devoted practically a life's study to the liver and its ailments. They have no equal as a remedy for lack of energy, poor appetite, pain and distension after meals, dizziness, headache, and all the other results of a disordered liver.

Is your Pipe ALL you could wish?

Doesn't it sometimes burn your tongue? Doesn't it sometimes fill your mouth with ill-tasting moisture. The

"MASTA" PIPE

cannot burn your tongue, *cannot* fill your mouth or the pipe-bowl with moisture or nicotine. The "Masta" patent prevents all that. Everybody can enjoy a "Masta" even if they cannot smoke an ordinary pipe.

Made of best selected briar.

Note the special construction.

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Obtainable of all leading tobacconists. Price 2/-, 4/-, 5/6, 6/-, &c.
Cheaper quality, 1/-. Write to-day for free booklet, "Points on Pipes." Full of useful hints.

MASTA PIPE CO. (Dept. 9) 183 FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lorimer.

["Leary Lynx" of The People, "Double U. L." of Lorimer's Weekly, and "Maggie" of The Globe.]

Inquisitiveness.

One of the most aggravating things that can happen on a racecourse is being interrupted when busy or in a hurry, and to be asked why some owner or trainer whom you do not know has either run or not run his horse, put a certain jockey up, declared overweight, or some such query that no one other than the owner himself could possibly answer.

Ungrounded.

The fear of some folk that there will in future be *no* pictures of racecourse scenes and incidents is totally unfounded; it will merely be the objectionable personal photography that Clerks of the Courses will suppress. Yet where is the difference between lists of names of those present and snapshots of them?

Wait and See.

Hubert Hartigan, the popular young Irish owner, does not now believe in naming yearlings prematurely. He did so once, giving titles to ten, all of which were extraordinarily unlucky. One he named "Die," did so; another called "Fault!" was nothing else, and so on through the troop. He now waits to win a race or two *before* believing they are entitled to an appellation.

Medley.

Most horses are just good enough for their owners to lose money over.

But for his little crack, Greenback, Hallick would have had a wickedly bad season.

Trainers sometimes come from the other end of England to see one horse run.

One of the crack two-year-olds in South America just now is Pilgrim, who is by Flotsam.

If we could *always* win there would be no racing, or bookmakers, and no excitement!

Whenever a punter or bookmaker dilly-dallies in payment it is termed "dwelling the box."

A very sensible turf maxim is, that if you want to make money you must know the *men*, not the horses.

When horses are "money for nothing" tips, especially in selling races, they are frequently non-runners.

If those in commercialism would only take a few lessons from the *racing* man, they would indeed realise what honour and principle are!

It is very amusing to hear how one thoroughly tricky, if not defaulting, s.p. bookmaker abuses another and his methods.

Prophetic.

Newbury's finish to-day will yield a real good race in the Autumn Handicap, in which, if started, I shall expect

Anchora

to end her series of failures; or should she wait for Lingfield on Saturday, I substitute Telbedde.

Santa Rita has a big chance as bottom weight in the Reading Nursery, and at Lingfield, additional to Anchora. I think Garravern could win the Country Maiden Plate, and Artful Boy, as bottom weight, must be in the Burstow Selling Handicap.

BULBS Price list of Bulbs now ready. Cheap and good. Apply:—CHARLES LEWIN CURTIS. (88) Chatteris, Cambs.

H. GREEN (Member of Tattersall's & Turf Guardian Society), Acme House, Colchester. ESTABLISHED 1887. Telegrams, "Acme, Colchester." CREDIT ACCOUNTS OPENED. FUTURE EVENTS. PAPER PRICES GUARANTEED.

WILLIAM BARNES, FOOTBALL TOTALISATOR, Goes, Holland.

Some Tote Odds, Oct. 22nd:—

3 Home Teams 9/1; 6 h.t. 22/1; 7 h.t. 28/1; 8 h.t. 147/1; 9 h.t. 542/1; 10 h.t. 1218/1; 4 Away Teams 209/1; 5 a.t. 681/1; 3 Draws 7/2; 2 dr. 18/1; 3 dr. 218/1; 4 dr. 765/1; 5 dr. 1014/1.

Coupon and Tote-book sent free upon application. (Mention this paper.)

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Send your name and address on a 1d. postcard, and state whether you are interested in Football or Racing or both and you will be absolutely convinced that my terms are unequalled by any reliable Agent. This is not an idle boast: give me the chance of proving same to you, and remember that Security ought to count for something.

HERBERT ROSE, Football Accountant, FLUSHING, HOLLAND. PROMPT PAYMENTS. FAIR PRICES. Full Lists of Matches to select from. Everything the best and fairest consistent with financial soundness. No ridiculous offers. Send 1d. Postcard for Terms and Specimen Lists. HERBERT ROSE, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

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MAKES YOU WELL AND KEEPS YOU FIT.

Its exhilarating and bracing effects on the body and brain are immediate. From the first and after each succeeding wineglassful, a delicious feeling of refreshment, renewed vigour, and an additional strength and stamina are experienced. But unlike drugs which merely stimulate for the moment only to lower the vitality afterwards, the strength that Wincarnis gives is lasting strength.

TEST WINCARNIS FREE.

Send the coupon to-day, and obtain free a liberal trial bottle of Wincarnis—enough to start you along the road to health. In your own interest, send the coupon now.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To Coleman and Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose 3d. to cover cost of carriage.
Name .....
Address .....
"John Bull," 5/11/10.

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GENTLEMEN,—If you desire to make a regular income at racing, either "On the Flat" or "Over the Sticks," you must not fail to follow my Daily System Wires.

It is not necessary to be a Millionaire, for you can start with a capital of £5 if you choose, although the larger the capital, the larger your income will be.

My clients do not follow me for one week only, but continue to follow me WEEK AFTER WEEK, MONTH AFTER MONTH, and YEAR AFTER YEAR, which is a sure sign that they are making money by following my advice.

I can honestly assure you that you cannot fail to make racing pay if you follow my Daily System Wires; you are practically certain of

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I cannot say all I should like to here, therefore to gain full particulars I want you to write your name and address, and the words "John Bull" on a post-card, and send it to me immediately, when I will send you in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE my 28 page copyright descriptive booklet containing all details.

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so sit down and write now to

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Telephone 15227 Central. Telegram "Reglicom, London."

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TOTALISATOR,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

Just a few Recent Prices paid by RUFUS WEBB'S "TOTE." Lady St. George 9/1. Tran 57/2. Soldier 12/4. Runbir 29/1. Clydebridge 5/1. Etty 28/1. Chieveley 33/2. Sagittari 57/2 Trepida 12/1. Double Thrush 12/1. Irish King 66/1.

Highest Sporting and Bankers' Reference.

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MR. A. H. WESTWOOD,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND,

begs to draw his clients' attention to the Rule on Page 42 of "The Little Blue Book," and also to the note which appears at the foot of all Vouchers issued from his office, intimating that

ALL WINNING VOUCHERS

should be returned to him IMMEDIATELY after the race to which they refer has been decided. He will be glad if Clients holding winning vouchers on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will kindly comply with this request.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of September 17th and 24th:—

LOCKLIN HARRISON, 26, Redcar Road, Guisbro, Yorkshire.—No. 232986, September 17th.

NORMAN J. MIDDLEBROOK, 12, Abattoirs, Manchester.—No. 544195, September 24th.

MRS. C. G. SMALLEY, The Smiths Arms, Christchurch Street, Ringwood, Hants.—No. 112123, September 24th.

FRANK POWELL, Watledge, Nailsworth, Glos.—No. 508226 September 24th.

WM. HOPPER STEWART, 6, Ruthven Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.—No. 78541, September 24th.

WM. GEO. YOUNG, "Summerholme," 13, Branksome Road, Wimbledon, S.W.—No. 140871, September 24th.

MRS. R. WALLER, 5, Maple Street, Borough Road, Middlesbrough.—No. 146091, September 24th.

ERNEST BRANSBY, 33, Jury Street, Nelson Road, Great Yarmouth.—No. 573950, September 24th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 8th:—

3997	100761	196302	360553	508421
12539	110603	201142	386435	511819
20731	111437	212215	395806	525949
22620	124670	220434	397709	542553
25227	130227	247569	411619	560718
54613	152616	251839	431308	564914
55791	159466	260718	464826	567276
86818	161049	262214	491282	579226
92653	175640	265265	495971	595310
99697	186931	329731	500347	597974

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIRST NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 3RD (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 1ST).

The Most Astounding Evidence of security for Deposit Account Clients!!

See Opposite Corner.

Any Cheque from Douglas Stuart, Flushing, will be cashed over the Counter at the branches of the Bank given here!

"AS GOOD AS A BANK-NOTE."

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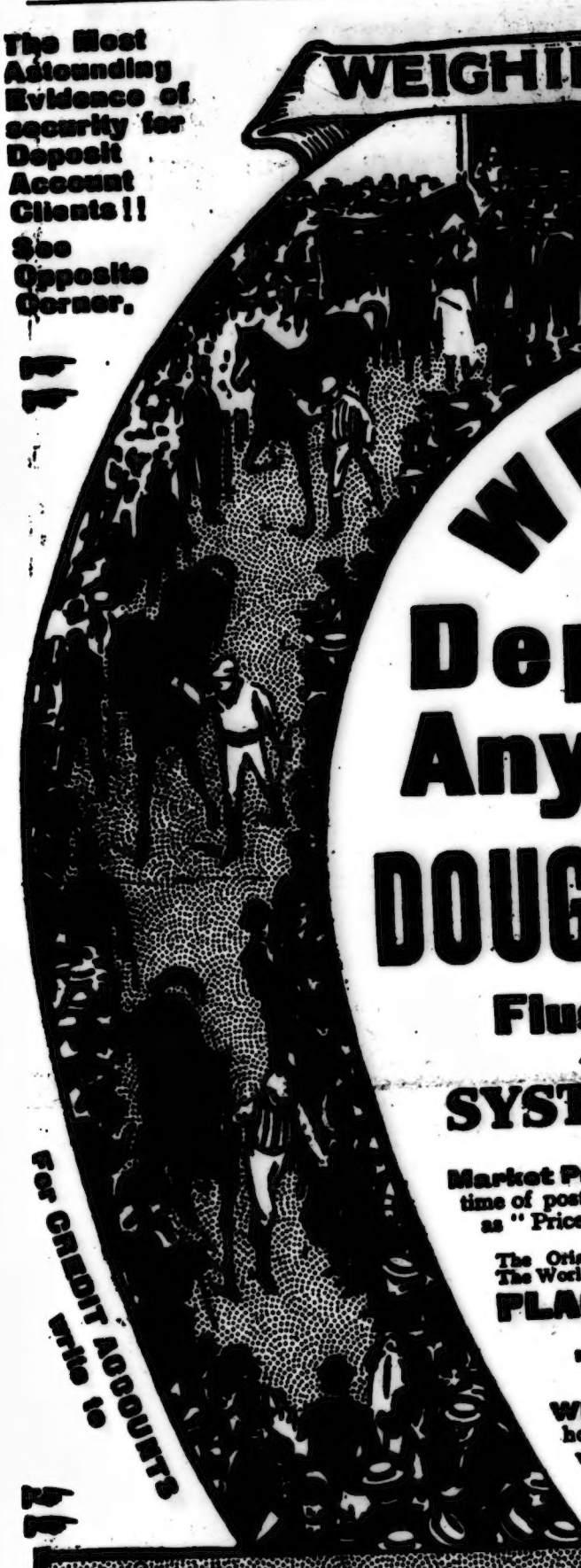

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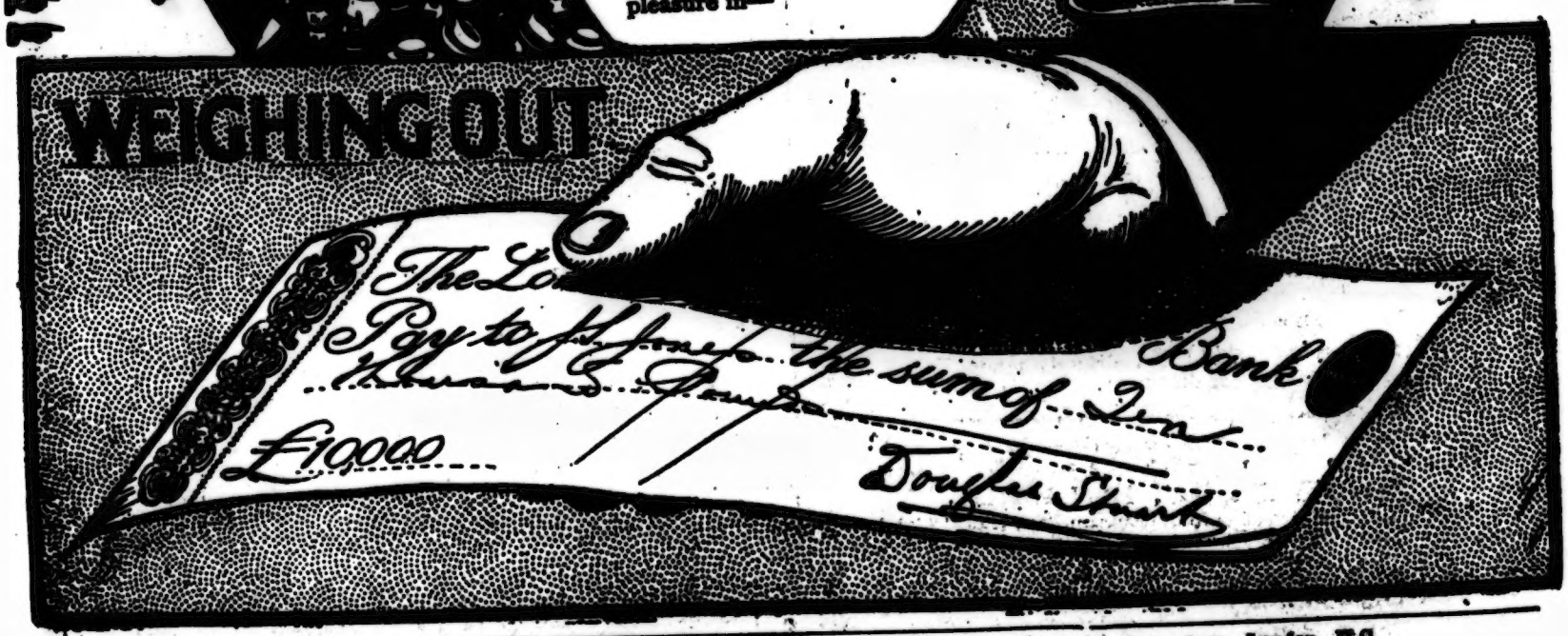

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